



# FEATURE

FUNNIES

MAY

BUT, MY MOTHER  
SAYS THAT A CHILD  
LIKE ME DOESN'T  
NEED A TICKET!



NO. 20 10¢





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Thank You Very Much

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

We are grateful to all you boys and girls for your fine letters telling us how much you like our new front cover design.

Everybody says it's more distinctive and easier to spot on the newsstands.

However, we are going to make the name of our magazine even more attractive. So, beginning with the June issue on sale April 28th, your favorite comic magazine will be known thereafter as:

# FEATURE

## COMICS

### HERE IS SOME OTHER GOOD NEWS!

FEATURE COMICS will present FOUR new headliners during the next few months, headed by CHARLIE CHAN, that world famous character whom you have been seeing in your regular moving picture theatre. Other star attractions scheduled include Rube Goldberg's SIDE SHOW, a riot of fun; CAPTAIN FORTUNE, a thrilling sea adventure staged in the waters of the West Indies and RANCE KEANE, an exciting picture story of Western Adventure.

EVERY COMIC IN FEATURE COMICS IS A HEADLINER—THE BEST ALWAYS IN HUMOR, ADVENTURE AND THRILLS. BUY THE JUNE ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS—ON SALE APRIL 28th.

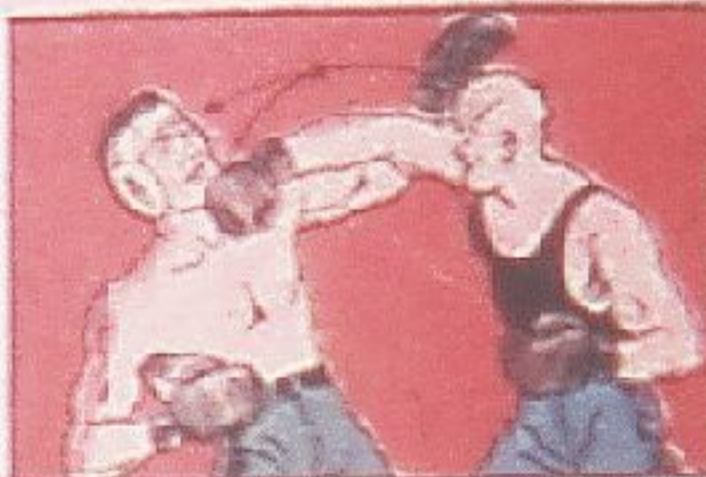






# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

BRADDOCK'S LOOPING RIGHT WAS A GOOD BLOW--BUT ITS TIMING MUST BE PERFECT. HERE JOE STARTS THE RIGHT TO THE HEAD, BUT HE LOOPS IT DOWN TO THE JAW--



THIS PUNCH IS A FOOLER AND IS HARD TO MASTER. YOUR MAN WILL FIRST BLOCK HIGH, BUT THE BLOW CHOPS DOWNWARD, LIKE A CURVE BALL PITCH IN BASE-BALL.

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



YA AINT DONE NO TRAININ' THIS WEEK, JOE & RIGHT-- BUT I WAS A COUPLA MILES COMFORTABLE ON TH' ROAD!

I GUESS YOUSE ARE A RIGHT-- BUT I WAS HERE!



WHAT A KID! I FIXED FER LIFE-- NEVER SAYS NO-- NEVER GETS SORE! WHAT A SHEETHEART!

YASSUH--HE D'MOST POPULAH FELLAH IN DE WHOLE COUNTRY!

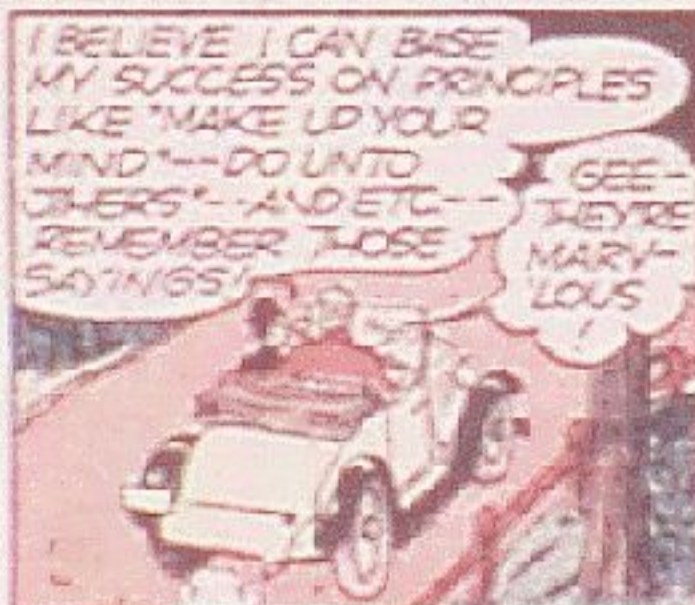


TOH--TOH--THAT STONE I STEPPED ON CERT'NY HURT MY FOOT--I BETTER GIT A LIFT!



GEE, IT'S CERT'NY NICE OF YOUSE T'ISIMME A LIFT!

AHEM--NOTHINS AT ALL YOUNG MAN--WHEN YOU ARE IN MY POSITION I HOPE YOU WILL DO THE SAME!



I BELIEVE I CAN BASE MY SUCCESS ON PRINCIPLES LIKE "MAKE UP YOUR MIND"--DO UNTO OTHERS--AND ETC--REMEMBER THOSE SAYINGS!

GEE--THEY'RE MARY-LOUS!



AN' YOUSE NOBUDDY HELPED YOUSE?

NO! I'M A SELF-MADE MAN! I GUESS MANY MEN ENVY MY POSITION AS ASSISTANT CREDIT MANAGER OF THE BUSY BEE EMPORIUM!



YOUSE CERT'NY ARE IMPORTANT! MR. KNOWLES, MY EMPLOYER, TAKES MANY OF MY MOTTOS FOR THE STORE--"GIVE A MAN CREDIT" IS MY LATEST--NICE, EH??



GOLLY, I'LL SAY! I ADMIRE YOUR APPRECIATION, SON--AND SOME DAY, BY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO DETAILS AND REAL INDUSTRY YOU TOO MAY BE SUCCESSFUL!



WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY MR. KNOWLES SAID TO ME, "PHILIP, MY MAN"--NOTICE MR. KNOWLES CALLS ME BY MY FIRST NAME--HE SAID, PHILIP, I WISH THERE WERE MORE LIKE YOU!

HE MUST THINK LOTS ABOUT YOUSE!!



YES, I'VE GOT A SIX ROOM HOUSE, GARAGE, GARDEN, AND DON'T OWE A CENT! NEXT I BUY AN ELEC-TRIC IRON!!



TOH, TOH! BOY OH BOY! I'LL CERT'NY REMEMBER ALL YOUSE TOLE ME--G'BYE!



NICE KID--PROBABLY JUST WORKS IN THAT HOTEL--GOOD BYE, SON!

DOES IT HURT MUCH? NO--I GOT A RIDE HOME--GOLLY, WHAT A INSPIRATION!! I WISH I COULD MAKE GOOD LIKE THE MAN WHO GAVE ME TH' RIDE!



# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

IT'S BEEN SAID THAT A LEFT JAB IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PUNCH! YOU NATURALLY BLOCK A LEFT WITH YOUR RIGHT

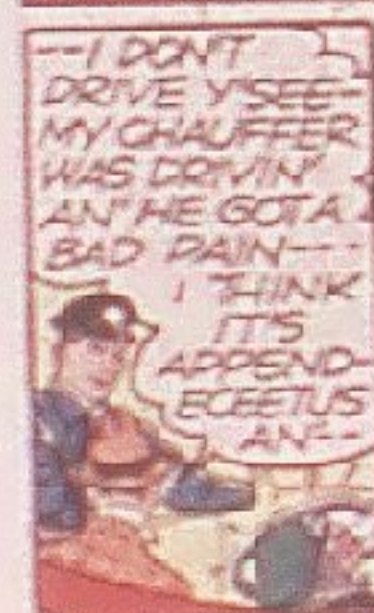


NOW, AS YOU BLOCK WITH YOUR RIGHT, TRY TO FOLLOW THROUGH WITH IT TO YOUR MAN'S JAW. THIS TAKES PRACTICE



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

WE TALKED TO HENRY ARMSTRONG AFTER HE WON THE FEATHER-WEIGHT TITLE WITH A LONG RIGHT TO THE CHIN

WAS THAT YOUR FAVORITE BLOW, HENRY?  
NO-IT REALLY ISN'T--

TELL THE BOYS TO PERFECT A SHORT LEFT HOOK--NOT TO TRAVEL OVER EIGHT INCHES!  
THANK YOUSE, HENRY!

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

D'YOUSE KNOW ANY AFTER WHO MANAGES THE NOODY FELLA THAT WAS JUST KNOCKED OUTT MISTER WEDEBOTTOM'S BARRED IN!!

BRRRSK!!--HE'S COMING TO--WELL, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM HIS HALF OF THE MONEY!!

WHY WHERE AM I BRRRSK--DO I?? WE BETTER HURRY IF I'M GONNA FIGHT! I MUST HAVE BEEN SLEEPIN'--

GEE, I DON'T REMEMBER NOTHIN'--I THOUGHT I--I--??

BUT, BRRRSK-- I GAVE YOU YOUR \$200--KOFF!!-- YOU PUT IT IN YOUR PANTS!!

M-MR. WEDE-- OH! WHAT BOTTOM! IT'S GONE! SOMEBODY MUSTA STOLE IT!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? EVERYBUDDY LOSES SOME TIME--

Y'SEE, MR. WEDE-- BOTTOM SAYS IT WAS TAKEN WHILE WE WERE IN THE RING!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE MR. WEDE-- BOTTOM IS--GEE, HOW I NEEDED THAT MONEY!!

WEDEBOTTOM LEFT A LITTLE WHILE AGO--I THINK HE WENT TO FINNEY'S--

HE PROBABLY WILL BE SCART T'SEE YOUSE--AFTER WHAT HE DONE TUST!

HULLO WEDEBOTTOM!! GU P! I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE ME ALL WRONG--MY NAME IS AMOS TITCHELL!!

Follow Joe Palooka in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale April 28th.



# OFF THE RECORD



## FIREWORKS

1¢ POSTCARD with **DOLLARS**  
Save YOU many

**FREE!** **FREE!**  
CATALOG

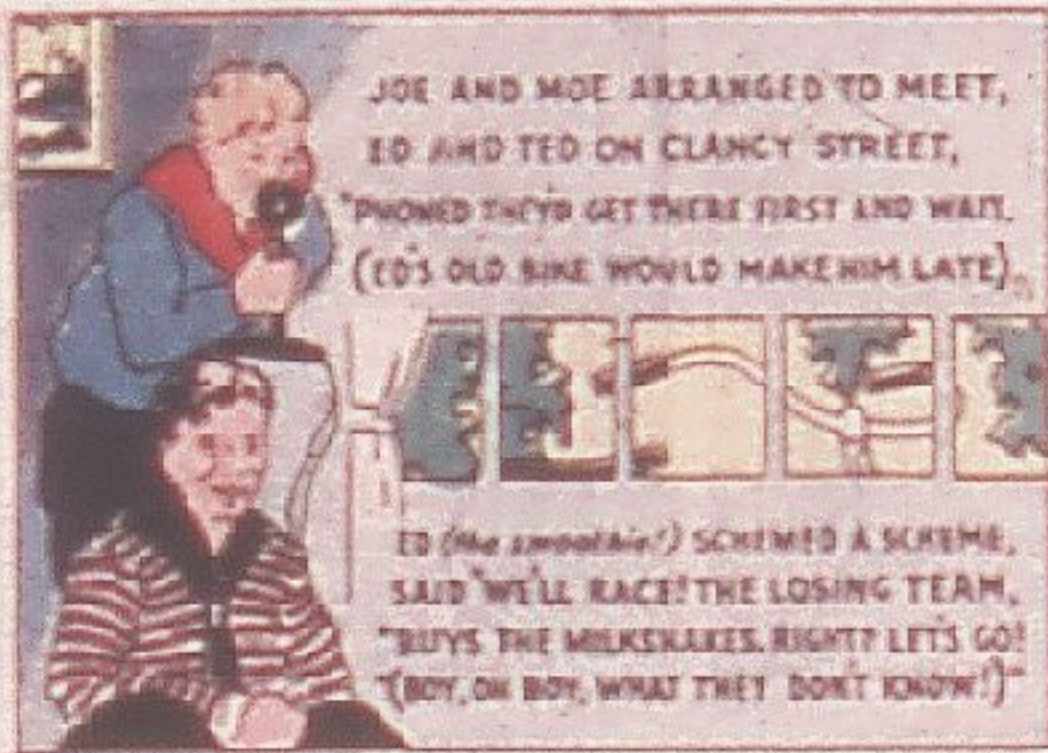
10¢ from Montgomery **FREE!**  
SALUTES **FREE!**  
with every order **FREE!**  
of \$5.00 or more

Four dollar **FREE!**  
BALTIMORE FIREWORKS Co.  
6900 EASTERN AVE. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

## ROLLS DEVELOPED

**25c** COIN Two 5x7 Double Weight  
Professional Enlargements  
& Gloss Prints.

**CLUB PHOTO SERVICE**  
Dept. 20 LaCrosse, Wis.



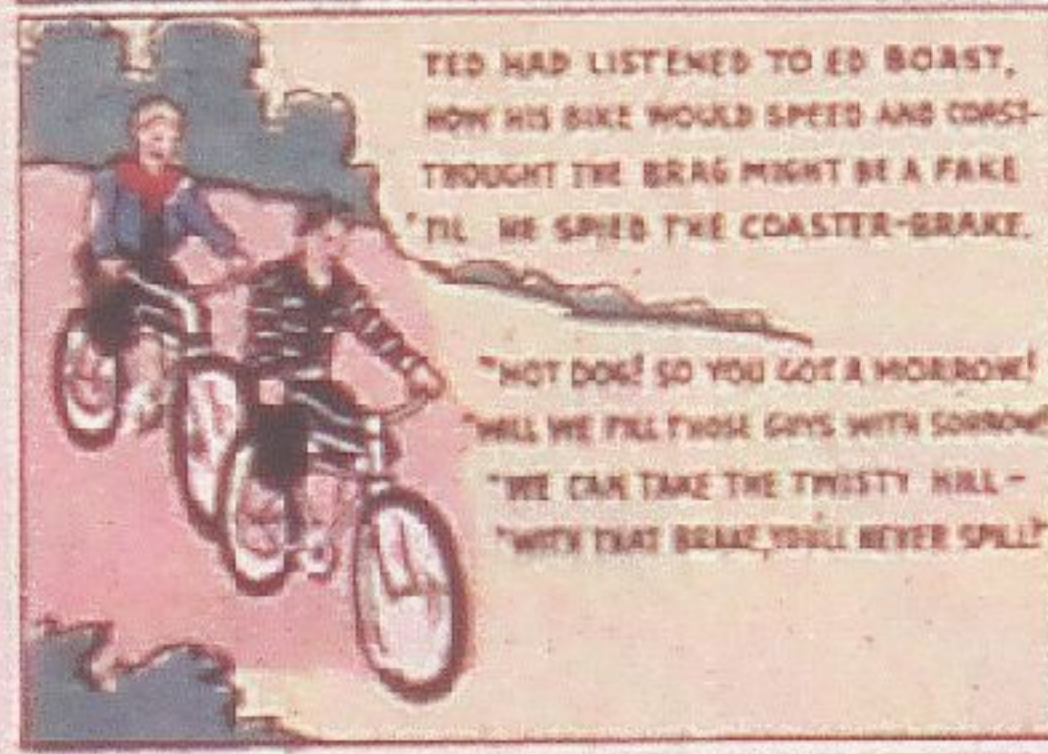
JOE AND MOE ARRANGED TO MEET,  
ED AND TED ON CLANCY STREET,  
"PHONED THEY'D GET THERE FIRST AND WAIT.  
(ED'S OLD BIKE WOULD MAKE HIM LATE).

ED (the smoothie!) SCHEMED A SCHEME,  
SAID "WE'LL RACE! THE LOSING TEAM,  
"BUYS THE MILKSHAKES, RIGHT? LET'S GO!  
(BOY, OH BOY, WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW!)"



FAST AS JOE AND MOE COULD HEAD,  
TO THE MEETING-PLACE THEY SPED,  
SURE THEY'D GET THERE FIRST, TO GREET,  
ED AND TED AT CLANCY STREET.

"THIS IS SOFT," SAID MOE TO JOE,  
"TOUGH THAT ED'S OLD BIKE'S SO SLOW!"  
(CRAFTY ED "FORGOT" TO SAY,  
HIS NEW BIKE ARRIVED THAT DAY!)

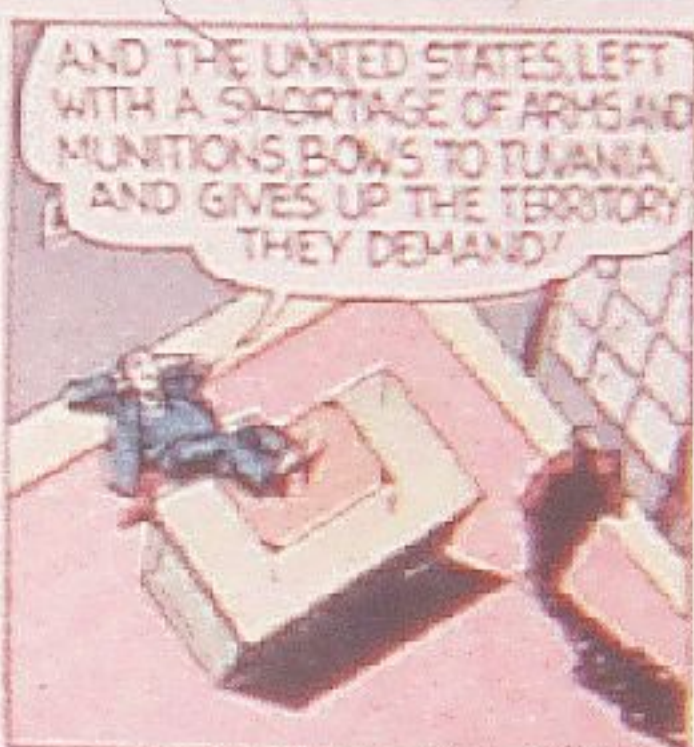
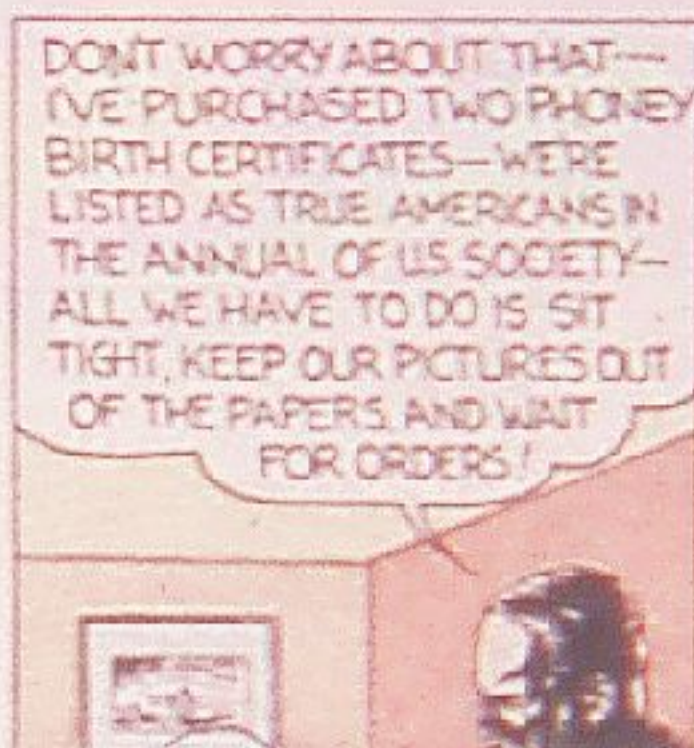
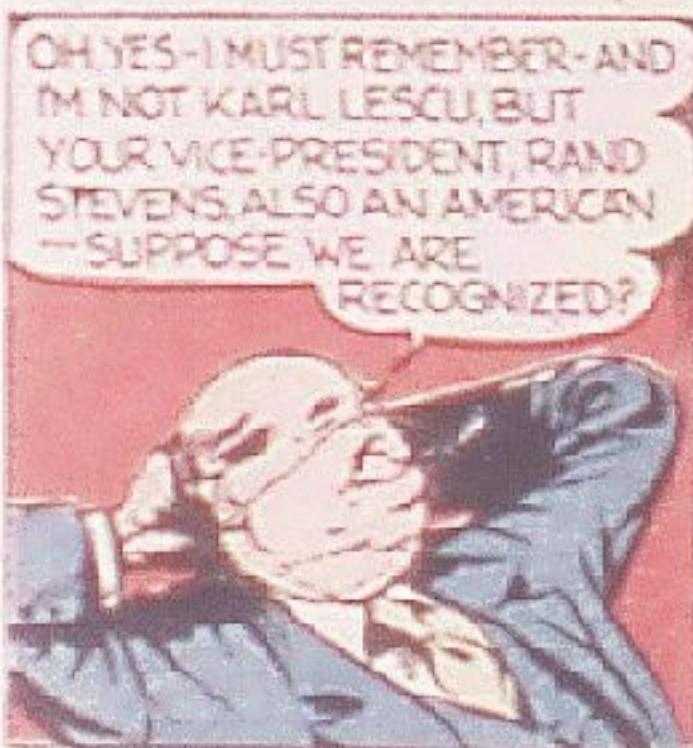
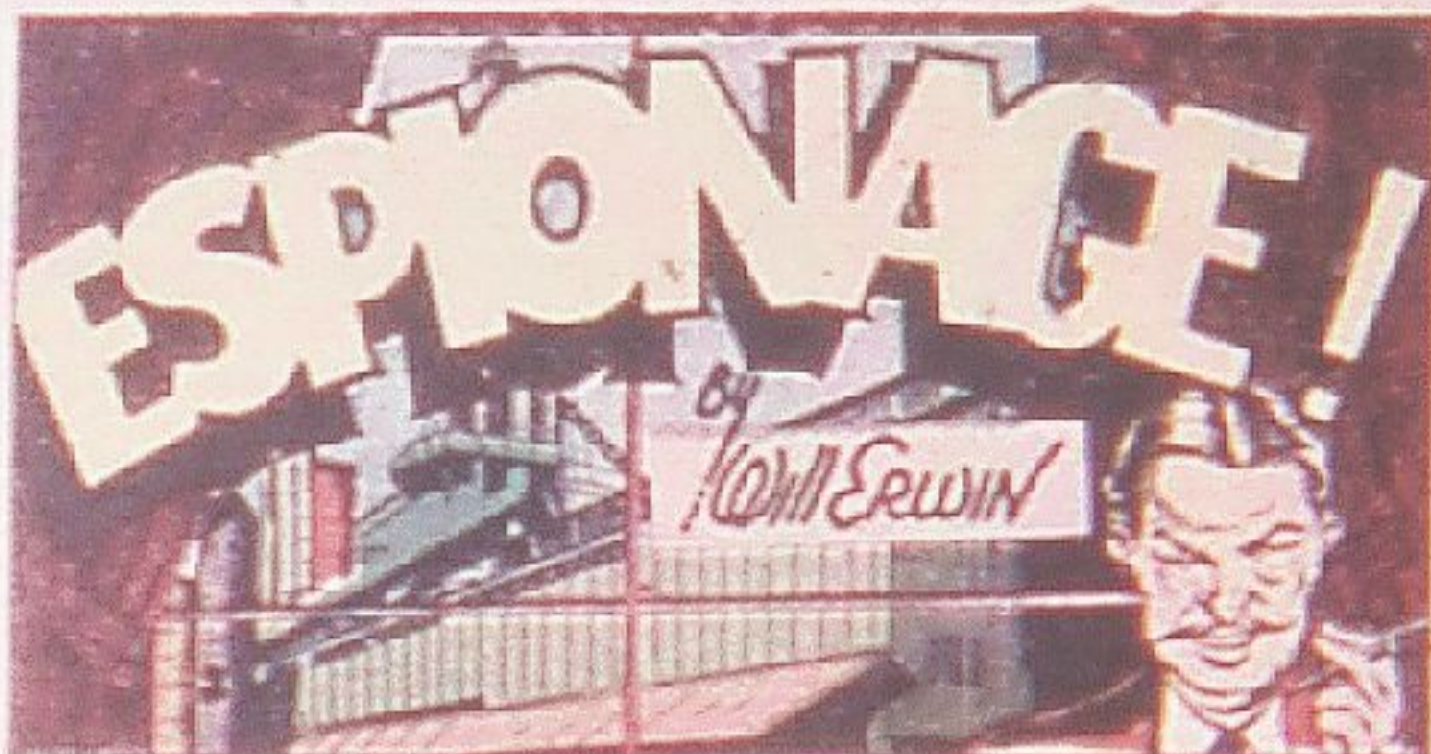


TED HAD LISTENED TO ED BOAST,  
HOW HIS BIKE WOULD SPEED AND CONST-  
TROUT THE BRAG MIGHT BE A FAKE  
"TIL HE SPIED THE COASTER-BRAKE.

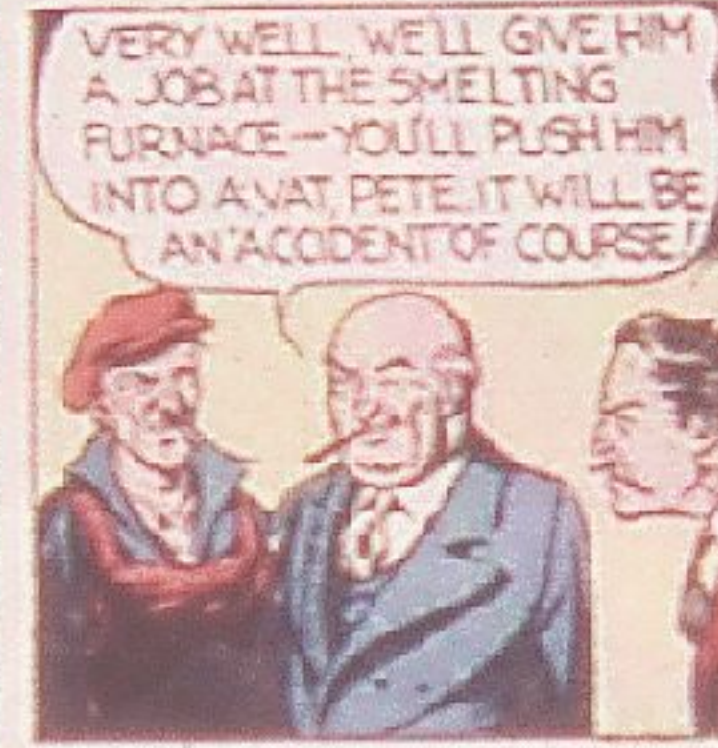
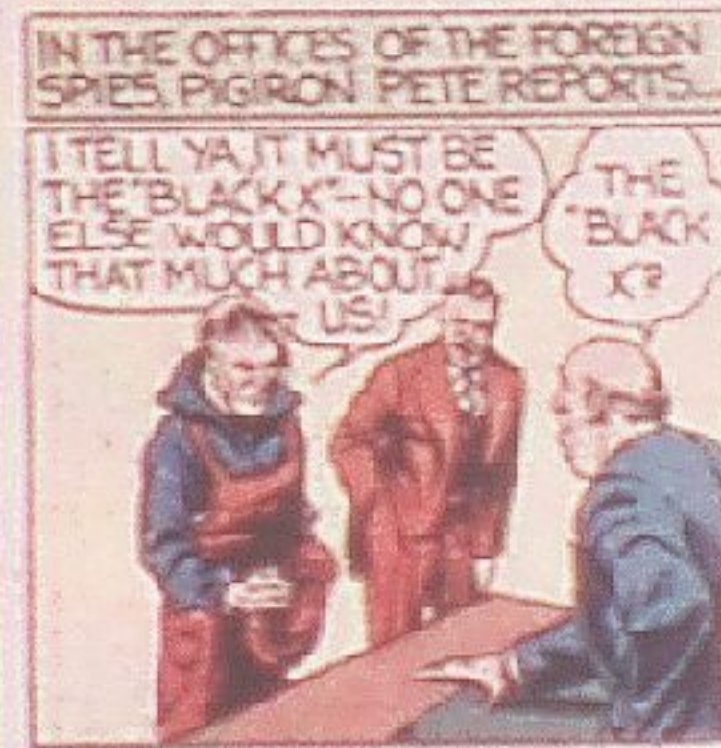
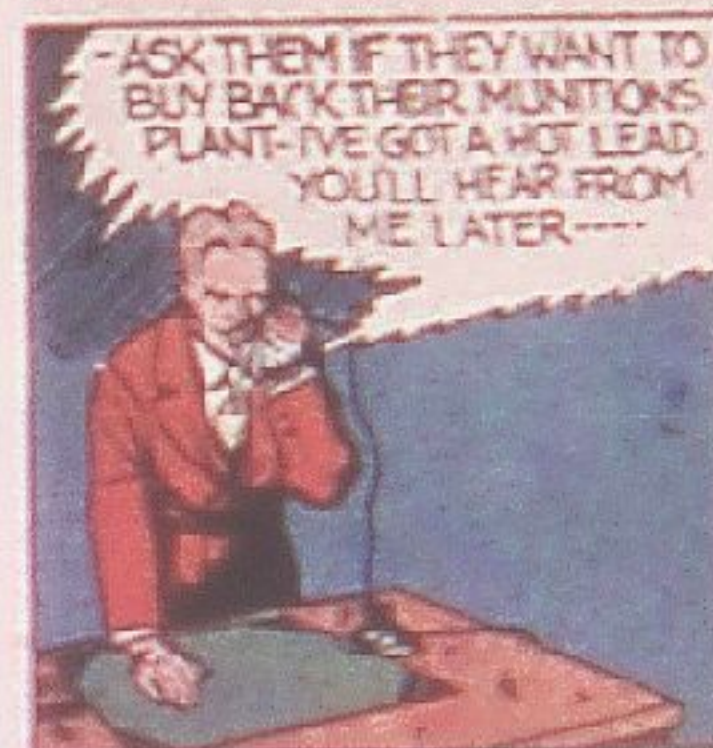
"NOT DONE! SO YOU GOT A MORROW!  
"WILL WE FILL THOSE GAYS WITH SORROW!  
"WE CAN TAKE THE TRUSTY HILL -  
"WITH THAT BRAKE, YOU'LL NEVER SPILL!"



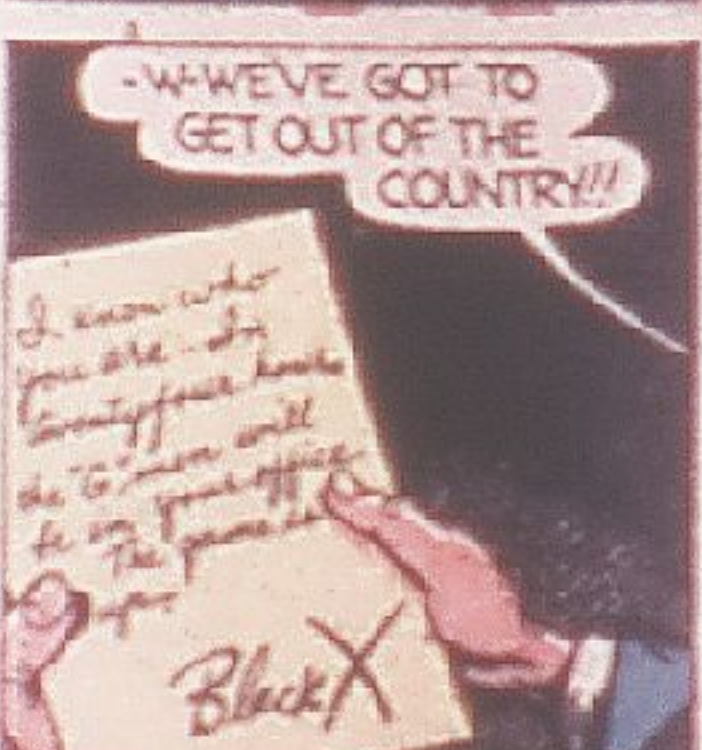
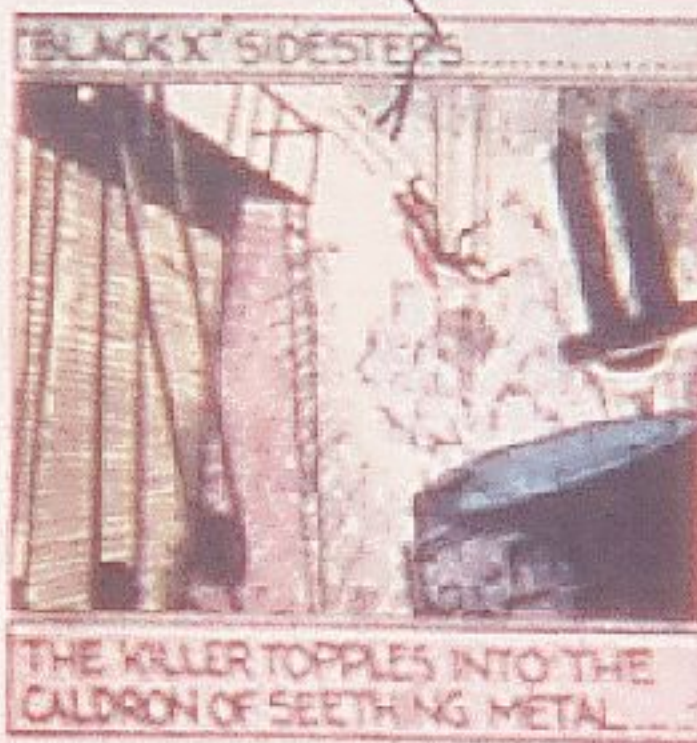
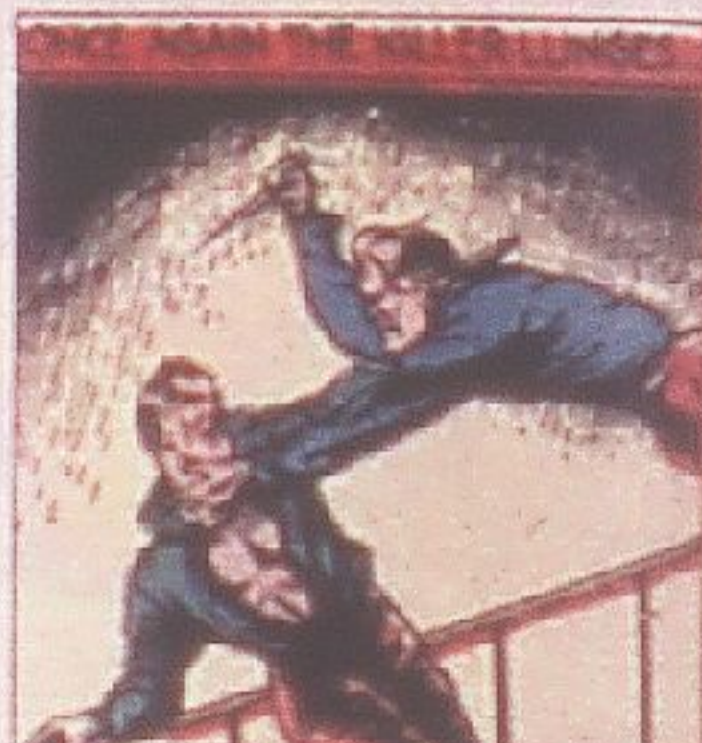






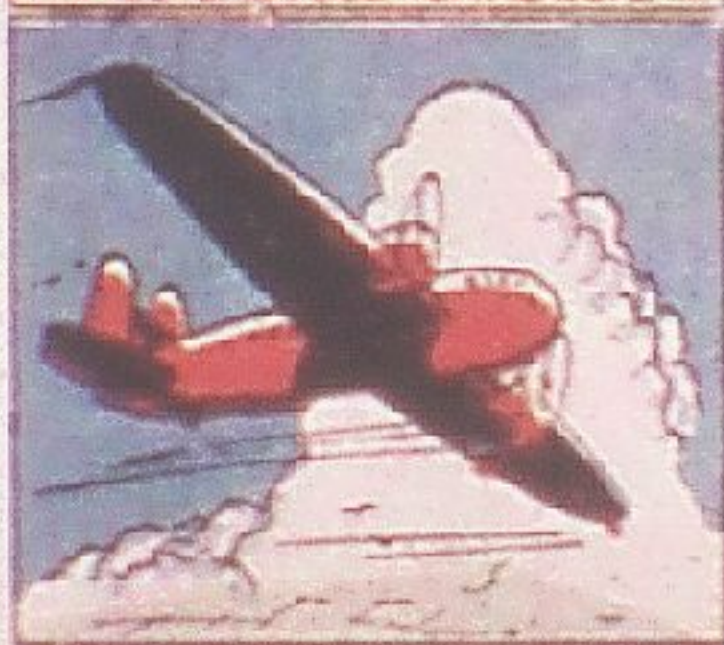








BY PLANE, THE ABSCONDING IMPOSTERS FLEE TO THE COAST.



THERE, THEY QUICKLY BOARD THE "AQUADIA," BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL.



WHEW! SAFE AT LAST-- CLOSE THE STATEROOM DOOR!

I HOPE THIS SHIP STARTS SOON!



HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN-- TUT-TUT, MR. STEVENS-- DON'T REACH FOR YOUR GUN!

"BLACK X" HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?



SIMPLE-- AFTER PETE TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO MURDER ME, I THREW THAT KNIFE TO SCARE YOU INTO LEAVING. THEN I FOLLOWED YOU BY PLANE!



WE FELL FOR YOUR RUSE LIKE A COUPLE OF FOOLS-- YOU HAD NO EVIDENCE AGAINST US--

YOU KNEW

THAT WE WOULD TRY TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY!



EXACTLY--- NOW, IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO SIGN THIS PAPER, TURNING OVER YOUR MUNITIONS PLANT TO THE GOVERNMENT---



--- COME ON!-- DON'T HESITATE-- REMEMBER THE UNITED STATES DEALS HARSHLY WITH YOUR KIND---



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO US?



NOTHING-- I'M GOING TO LET YOU LEAVE THE COUNTRY-- GOODBYE, AND THANKS FOR SIGNING---



ONCE AGAIN "BLACK X" AND HIS CHIEF MEET IN THEIR FAVORITE WASHINGTON RENDEZVOUS, A WELL-KNOWN RESTAURANT....

GETTING THOSE SPIES TO SIGN OVER THE PLANT TO THE GOVERNMENT WAS SWELL-- BUT, WHY DID YOU LET THEM SAIL?



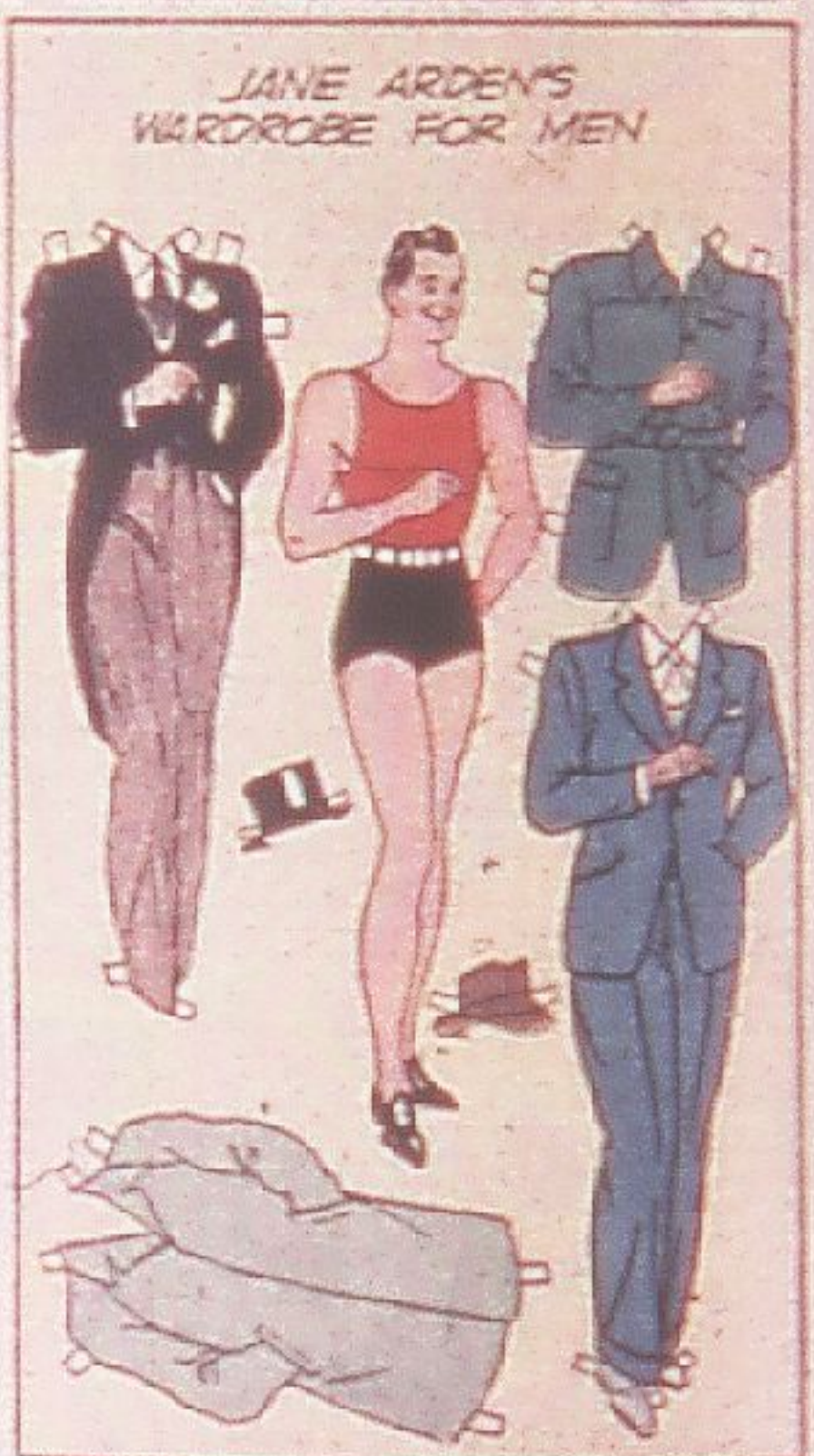
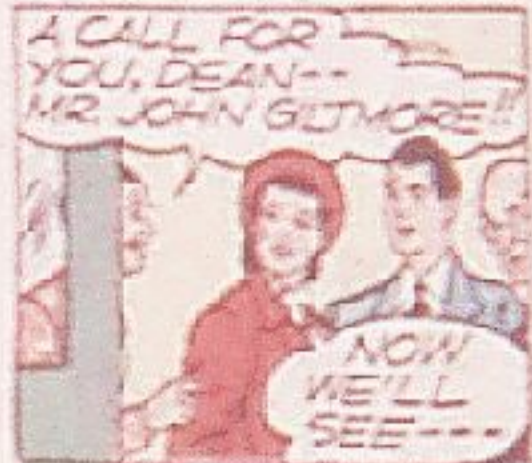
THEY'RE NOT REALLY FREE-- THEY WILL BE MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY-- TUVANIA WILL DISOWN THEM FOR HAVING FAILED-- NO OTHER COUNTRY WILL ACCEPT THEM-- THEIR LIFE WILL BE A LIVING DEATH.





# JANE ARDEN

by Milton Bennett and Edward K. Ross





# JANE ARDEN

By Max Allan Collins and Robert E. Rife

THE ROGERS JEWELRY CO. PREPARES TO SEND THE \$18,500 BRACELET TO GILTMORE'S HOME--

NOTHING CAN HAPPEN--IT'S GOING TO THE REAL MRS. GILTMORE!

WE'LL WATCH TO SEE THAT NOTHING IS WRONG!

THIS MESS-- ENGER WANTS A RECEIPT, MRS. GILTMORE--

OH! IT MUST BE FROM JOHN!

SURELY I'LL SIGN A RECEIPT!!

WELL, INSPECTOR, HE DELIVERED IT-- THERE WAS NO STICK-UP-- NOW WHAT?

I DON'T GET IT AT ALL, JANE!!

LOOK INSPECTOR! THERE'S THE MAN WHO POSED AS GILTMORE AT THE JEWELRY STORE--

AH! NOW WE'LL GET SOMEWHERE!

I'M MR. DEAN OF THE ROGERS JEWELRY CO.-- HERE IS MY CARD--

--WE SENT A PACKAGE HERE BY MISTAKE-- I'VE COME FOR IT!

I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE--

WE'RE GRET THE MISTAKE, GOOD DAY!

THAT WAS A CINCINCH! AND THE ONLY CLUE THEY HAVE IS THAT CARD I GOT FROM THE CLERK!!

HOLD ON! HAND OVER THAT BRACELET!!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE-- YOU'RE TALKING TO ME!

HMM--YOU DIDN'T QUITE MAKE THE GRADE, EH PAL?

HOW! WE OWE A LOT TO MISS ARDEN!

WELL, I GOT A STORY DIDN'T I?

HUSH PADDY-- BANSHEES IS SAFE EVEN IN FEUDIN' PARTS! SHONUFF!!

THAR-THET'S NO' LIKE IT-- HE'S HELPIN' TH' POOR MULE ON TH' SLOPE!! GUESS HE AINT BAD!

AH FEEL KIND TIGHT, LENA-- SO AH'LL UNHITCH AN' YOU KIN DO TH' CHORES!!

SHH! THAR'S TH' LIL' GAL PLOWIN'!! CUTE AINT SHE? LOOKIT THAT LAZY DAN'L!!

AH! DON'T WANNA BE IN FEUDIN' COUNTRY COME NIGHTFALL!

OH! THEY HEARD ME!

SHUCKS! WHUT DYE SPECT? DYE SPOSE HE SHOULD PLOW AN' HAVE HER JES' SET??

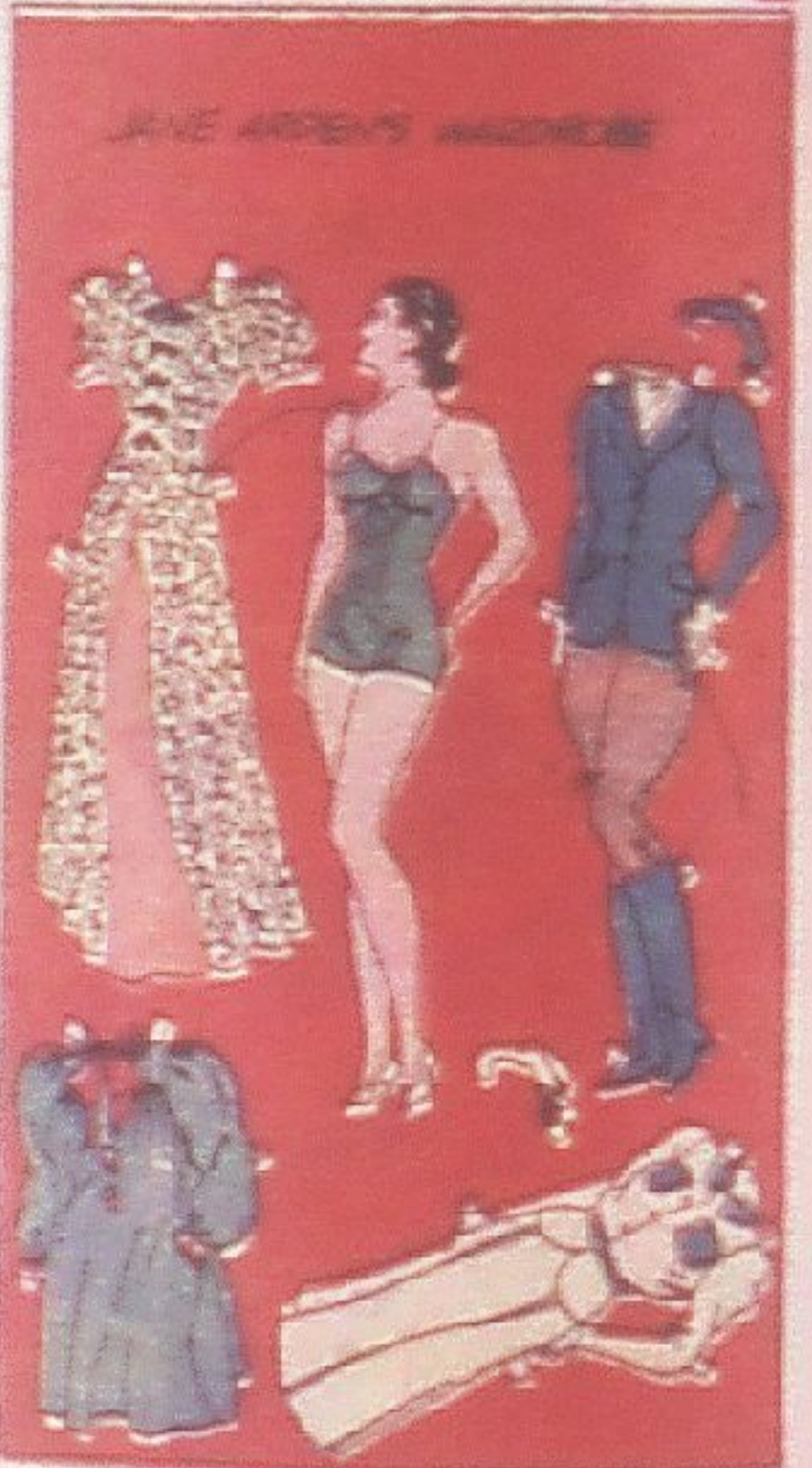
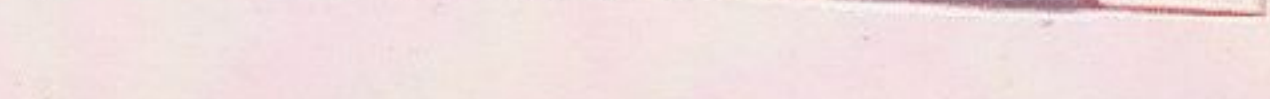
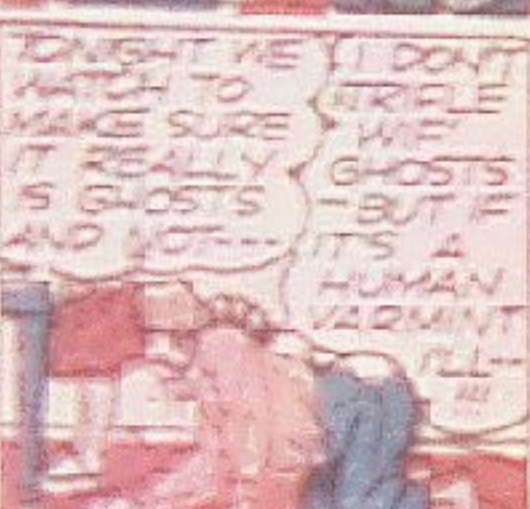
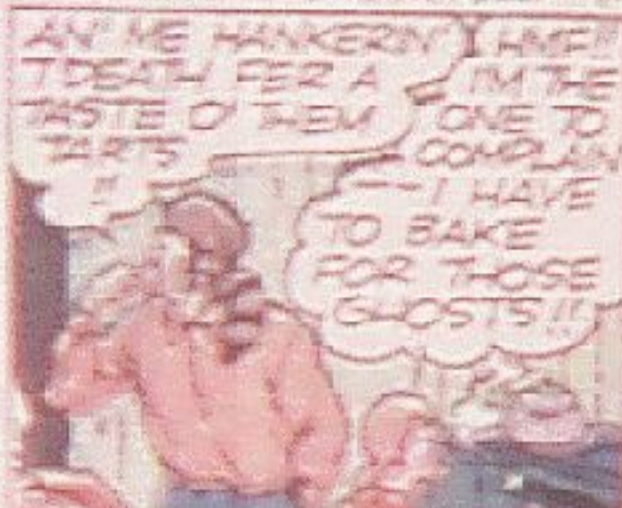
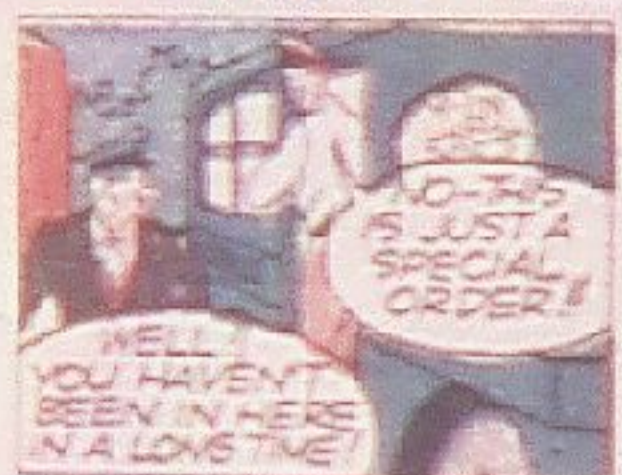
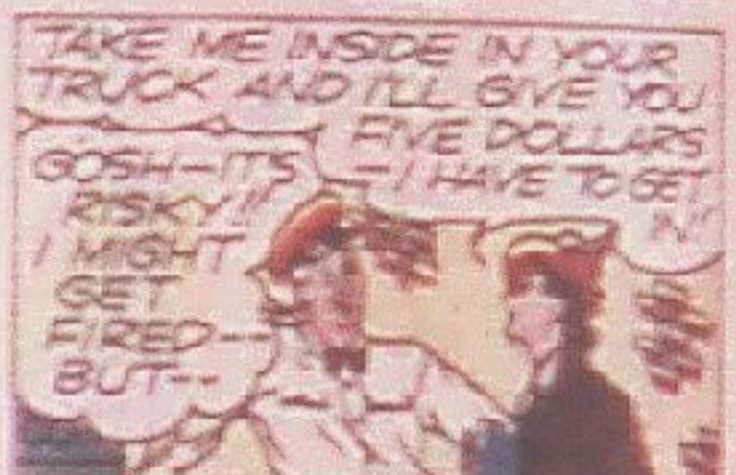
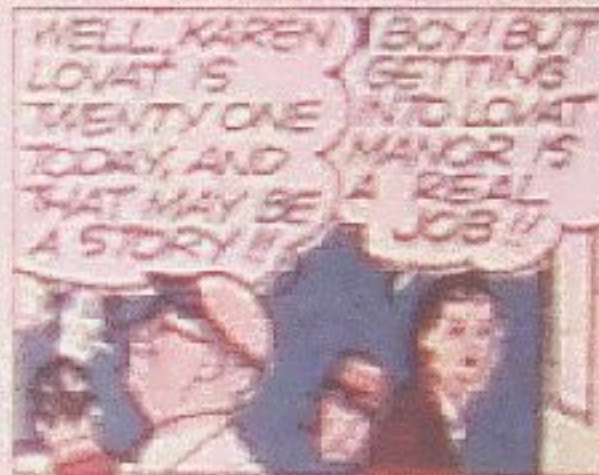
GREAT POLE CATS-- WE CAN'T SCARE 'EM 'TILL SHE SETS OUT SOME NICE FOODMENTS FER US, PAPPY!!

I'LL FIX 'EM A PIE!!





# JANE ARDEN





# JANE ARDEN

by Walter Bennett and Russell E. Ross

NOW, IF I CAN  
SPEAK TO A  
SERVANT WHO  
KNOWS SOME-  
THING ABOUT  
THE LOVAT,  
I'LL GET  
MY STORY—

THAT IS,  
IF I'M NOT  
CAUGHT  
AND  
THROWN  
OUT!

HMM—  
WONDER  
WHO  
THEY  
ARE?

FUNNY YOU  
DIDN'T SEE  
JUDGE STEPH-  
ENS—

IF THEY'RE  
LOOKING FOR  
SOMEONE  
I'D BETTER  
HIDE IN  
THIS  
TOOL-  
HOUSE  
UNTIL—

OH!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

SOUNDED  
LIKE A  
HOWL—

IT'S--IT'S  
JUDGE  
STEPHENS!!  
HE'S--HE'S--

DEAD!! RUN  
FOR HELP--  
I'LL WAIT  
HERE  
!!

THIS  
IS SOME  
BIG  
STORY!

BUT,  
WHAT IF  
THEY FIND  
ME AND  
SUSPECT ME?

I'LL GET  
OUT OF  
HERE  
AND  
PHONE  
IN--

WHAT'RE  
YOU  
DOING,  
KAREN?  
WHY, I  
NEVER  
THOUGHT  
I'D FIND  
YOU!!

OH--I'M VERY  
SORRY--I  
THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
MY COUSIN!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU--A  
WOOD  
NYMPH?

I WISH I WERE  
SO THAT I  
COULD  
VANISH--  
NOW!

LENA AND  
DAVE TRY  
TO TRAP  
THE GHOST  
USING FOOD  
AS BAIT--

YEP--THEM  
FRITTERS UP  
IN THE TREE IS  
BOUND TO BRING  
'EM, LENA!

HAVE  
CARE, SON--  
THIS BE  
FEUDIN'  
COUNTRY  
WE'RE  
IN!

SHUCKS,  
THEY  
AIN'T  
BOTH-  
ERIN'  
WITH  
US  
GHOSTS  
BARRY!

OH, I THINK  
THIS  
IS SO  
SILLY,  
DAN!

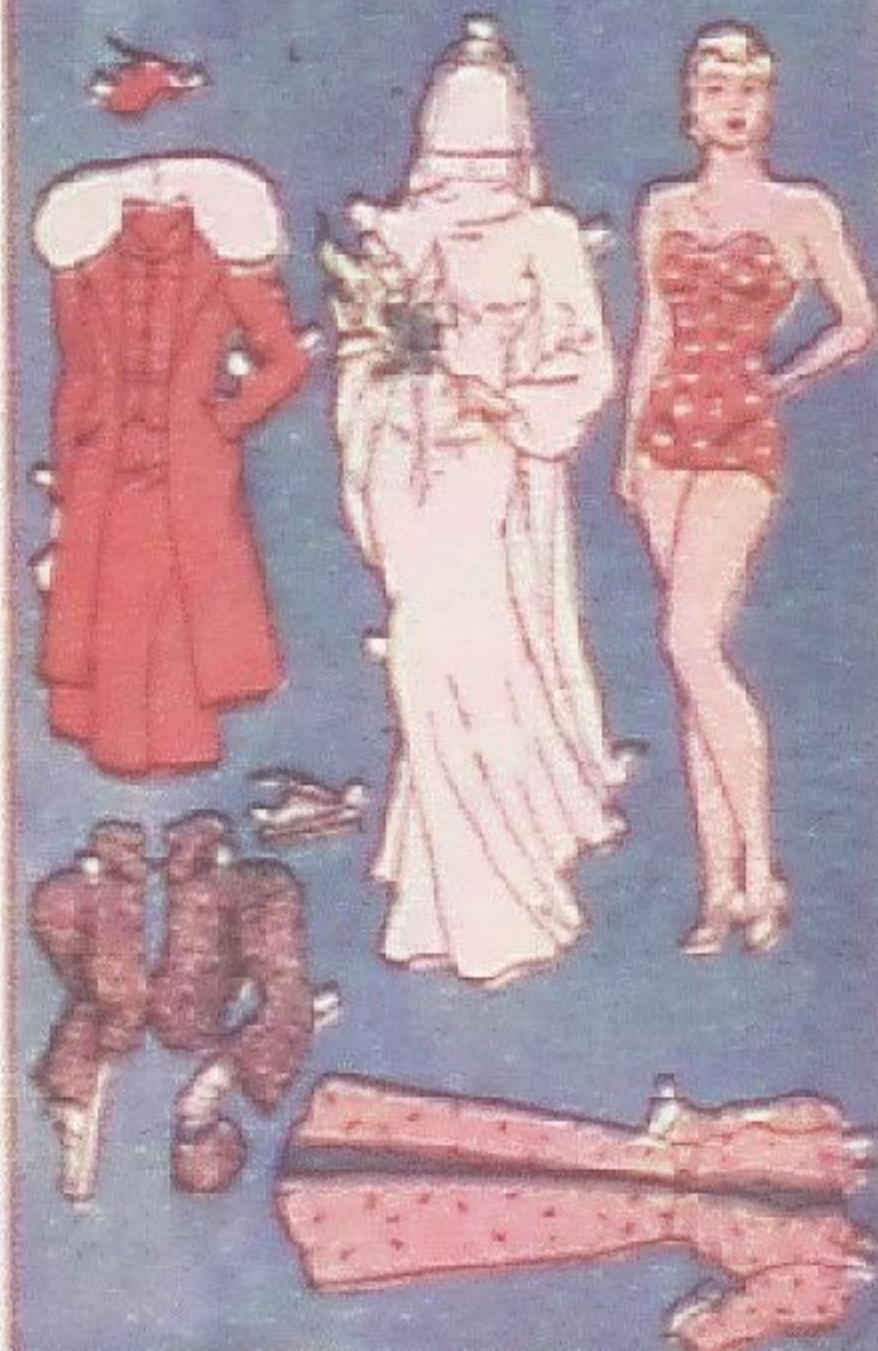
IT'S  
THEM!

GREAT  
DAY!!

S--SON!  
NEEBE  
THAT'S  
A REAL  
BANSHEE!  
NOW!!!

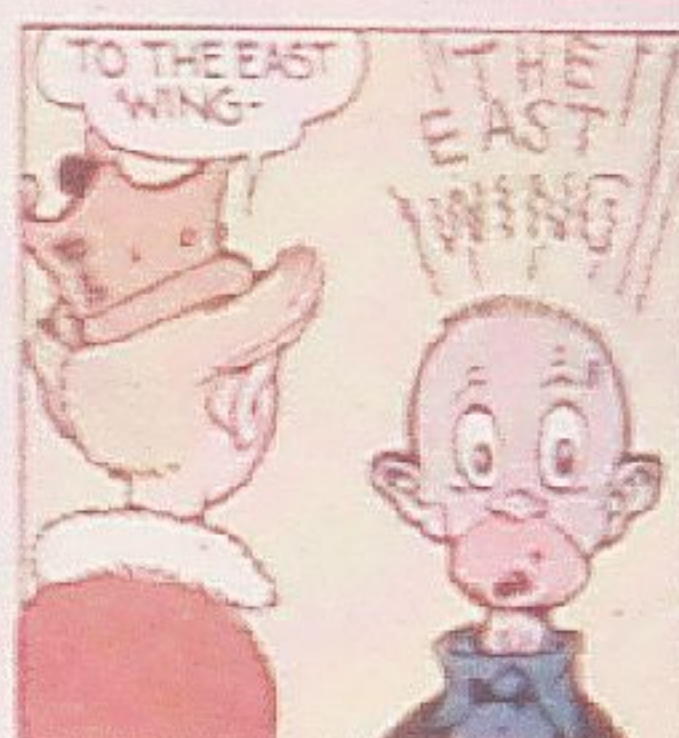
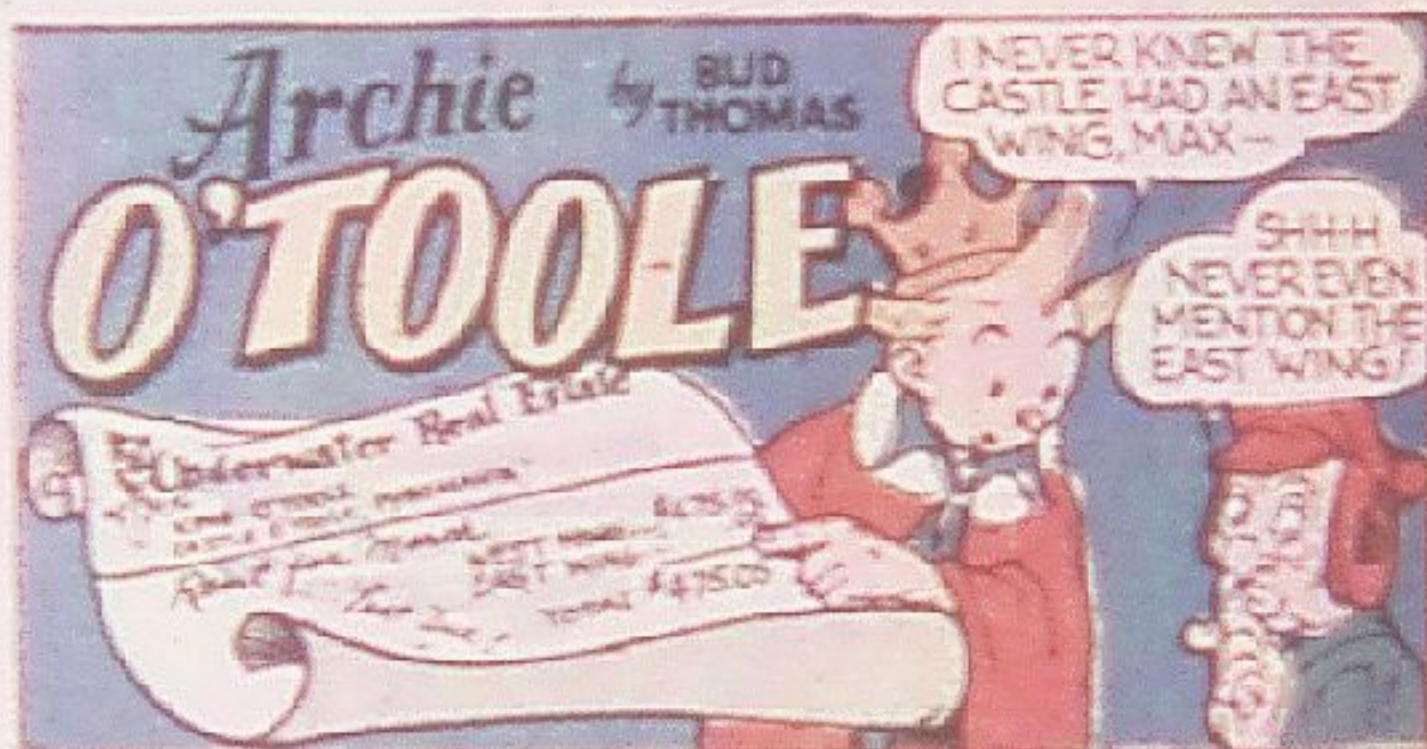
HALP!! OH, I  
KNEW THIS WERE  
RISKY BIZNESS!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

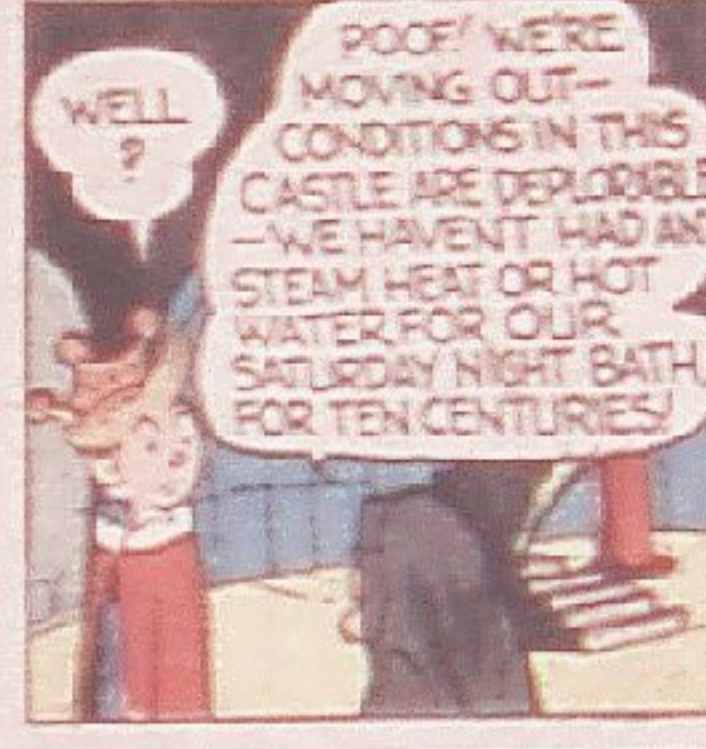
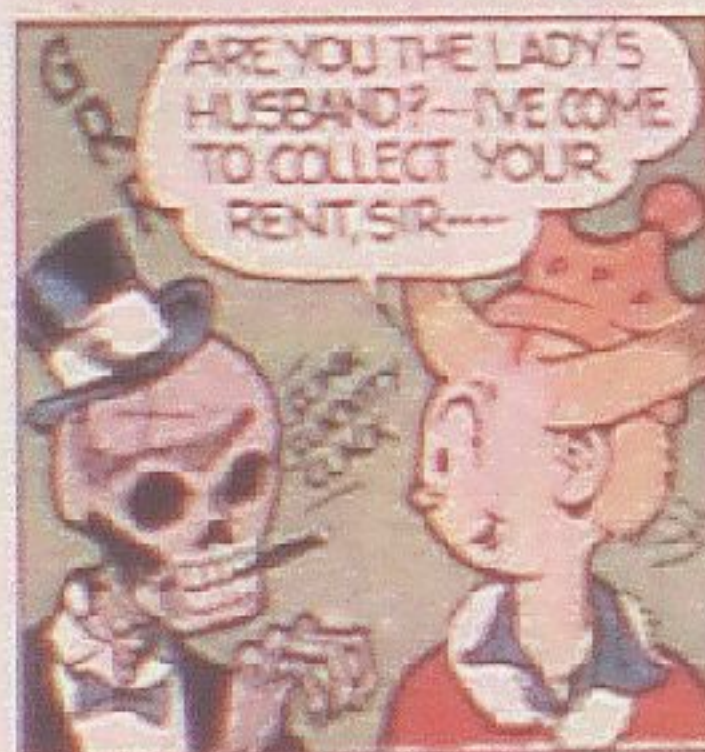


Jane Arden is continued in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.









THE NEXT MORNING, ARCHIE HAS GOOD NEWS FOR MAX, HIS CARETAKER.



YOU ARE THE BRAVEST AND NOBLEST KING WE EVER HAD!—NOW THAT THE EAST WING IS CLEAR OF GHOSTS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO USE IT FOR?



I'LL HAVE IT RENOVATED, AND MADE INTO A HOME FOR POOR LITTLE ORPHANS OF PYROMANIA!







SPIKE, THAT'S THE REFEREE YOU GOT



AH! HE HIT IT!!



STILL GON' AM, IT WAS A BOO—A SPARROW!

## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## A HELPING HAND

By H. J. TUTTILL



BRB



SAY! WHAT'S EASY, BIG THE IDEA—BOY---A OF---?? CO.D FOR \$1.35!



WHAT? A CO.D. PACKAGE FOR ME WHILE I WAS OUT? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!!

THERE—LOOK AT THE TAG—IT'S FOR THE WOMAN UPSTAIRS—SEE IT??

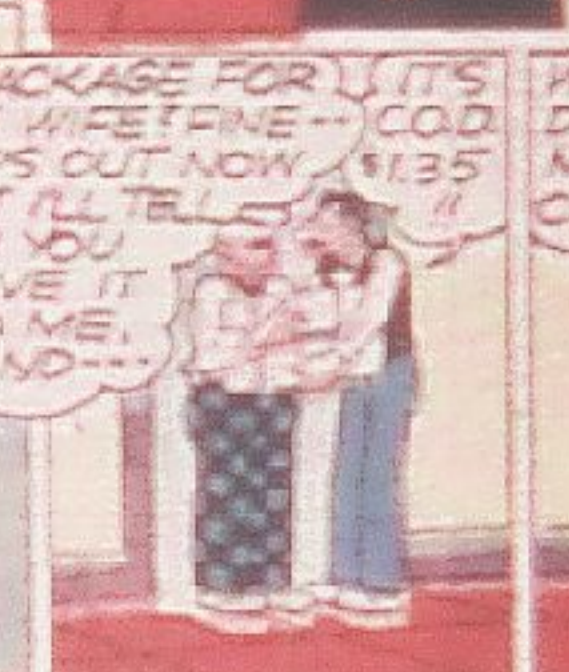
YOU CAN GIVE IT TO HER AND COLLECT!



ME? YOU KNOW SHE NEVER SPEAKS TO ME!! NO SR-- YOU DELIVER IT!!



\$1.35



A PACKAGE FOR THE WIFE FINE--- CO.D SHE'S OUT NOW, BUT I'LL TELL YOU GAVE IT TO ME, AND---

IT'S \$1.35



WHAT? I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS CO.D?

WHAT IT MEANS



LET ME SEE THAT TAG--WHY IT'S MARKED "PAID"!!



LET ME LOOK CLOSER AT IT AND---

SAY! DON'T TRY TO GRAB THIS PACKAGE AWAY FROM ME OR---!!!



YOU ADMIT YOU HEARD A CRACK WHEN YOU TOOK IT--THREW IT ON THE FLOOR--DON'T YOU??

YOU MEAN YOU HEARD A CRACK WHEN YOU TOOK IT--THREW IT ON THE FLOOR--DON'T YOU??



NO!! I WASH MY HANDS OF THE WHOLE THING--GOOD BYE!!



LISTEN!! I'M LEAVING IT RIGHT HERE AT YOUR DOOR--YOU OWE ME \$1.35 AND I'LL GET IT OR---



WHY GEORGE!! SUCH AWFUL TALK!!

AND IF I HAD MY WAY--

STEP LIVELY YOU SAWS--PLENTY OF ROOM UP IN FRONT!

NEVER MIND





## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

No End

By H. J. TUTHELL  
New York, N. Y.



Follow The Bungles in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale April 28th.



# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED



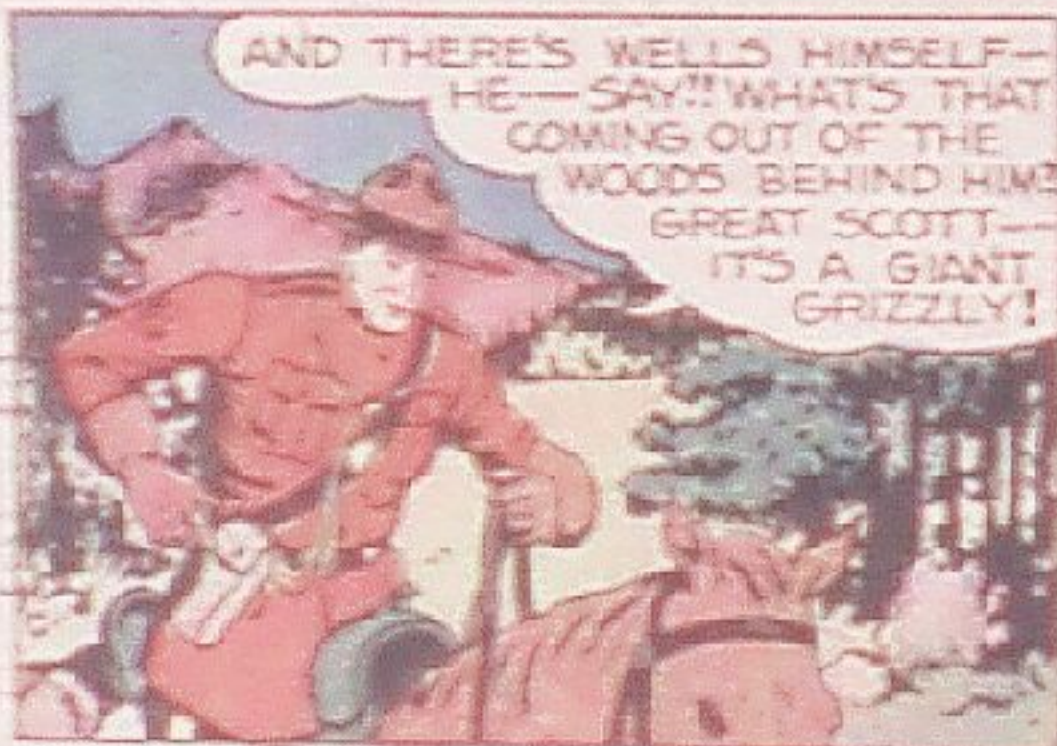
ART  
PINAJIAN

AT LAST - THERE'S  
THE CABIN -  
JUST AS THAT  
TRAPPER  
TOLD ME!



SERGEANT REYNOLDS IS ON THE TRAIL  
OF HARRY WELLS AN EX-MOUNTIE WHO  
HAS DESERTED THE FORCE AND IS NOW  
A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

AND THERE'S WELLS HIMSELF -  
HE - SAY!! WHAT'S THAT  
COMING OUT OF THE  
WOODS BEHIND HIM?  
GREAT SCOTT -  
IT'S A GIANT  
GRIZZLY!



LOOK OUT, WELLS -  
IN BACK OF YOU!



THAT WAS A CLOSE  
CALL SERGEANT -  
YOU CAME JUST  
IN TIME -  
THANKS!

FORGET IT WELLS -  
AND YOU CAN PACK  
UP YOUR THINGS -  
YOU'RE WANTED AT HEAD-  
QUARTERS  
FOR  
DESERTING!



THERE'S NO NEED FOR THE  
GUN - I'LL COME PEACEFULLY -  
LET'S HAVE SOMETHING  
TO EAT BEFORE  
WE GO!

I  
TRUST  
YOU  
WELLS!





WELL, YOU HAD A GOOD RECORD WITH THE FORCE—WHY DID YOU DESERT?

SINCE YOU ASK SERGEANT I'LL TELL YOU—WHEN MY MOTHER DIED SHE MADE ME PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF MY HALF-BROTHER JIM!



WHILE I WAS ON PATROL DUTY HE FELL IN WITH A BUNCH OF MEN WHO TOOK HIM IN AS ONE OF THEIR GANG—THEN ONE DAY I MADE MY ROUNDS OF COLLECTING SOME FINES FROM A FEW TRAPPERS—THE NEXT MORNING I FOUND THE MONEY GONE—



—WHEN JIM CAME IN I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE MONEY—HE CONFESSED HE HAD TAKEN IT TO PAY A DEBT HE OWED ONE OF THE MEN! WELL, THERE'S THE STORY, SERGEANT—I DIDN'T WANT TO BRING HIM IN SO I DESERTED!



TOOK IT OUT ON YOURSELF EH—

HANDS UP MOUNTIE! IT'S ALL RIGHT HARRY—WE'VE GOT HIM COVERED!

JIM!



DON'T WORRY HARRY—HE WON'T TAKE YOU IN—WE'RE LEAVING THESE PARTS AND YOU CAN COME WITH US—WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MOUNTIE!

NO JIM—I'M GOING WITH THE MOUNTIE!



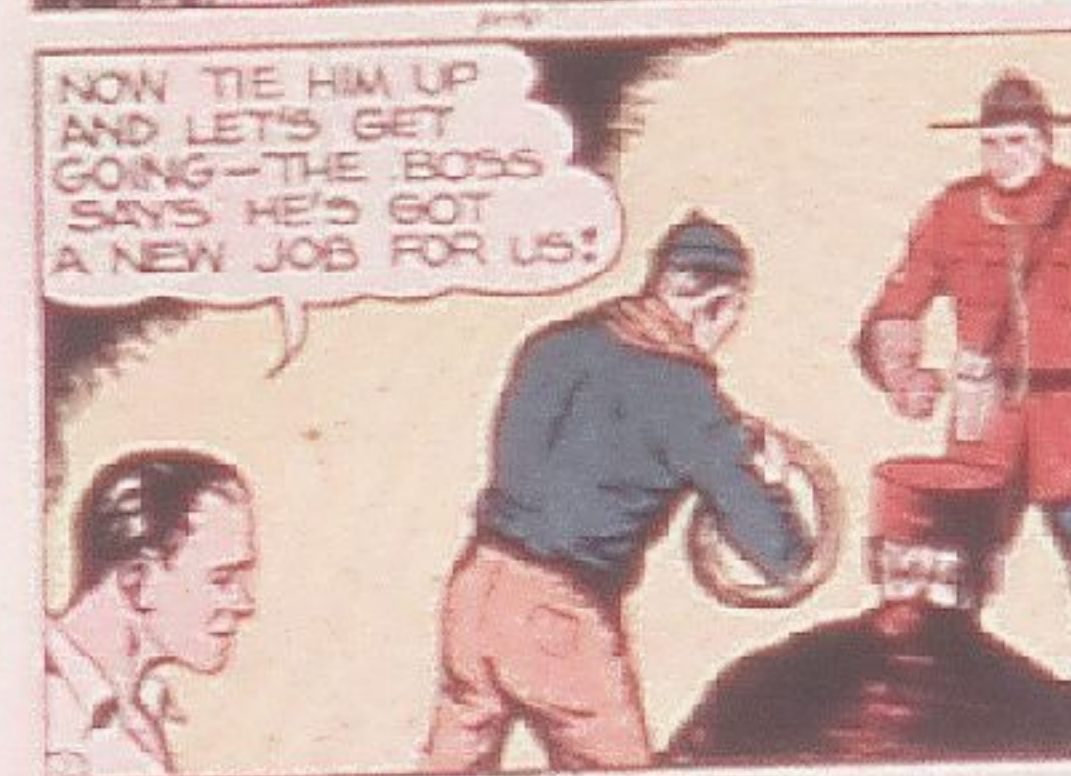
HE SAVED MY LIFE—I'VE GOT TO DO IT!

DON'T BE A SAP—THEY'LL THROW YOU IN JAIL—I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS MESS—GET SOME ROPE PIERRE!

SURE JEEM!



NOW TIE HIM UP AND LET'S GET GOING—THE BOSS SAYS HE'S GOT A NEW JOB FOR US!

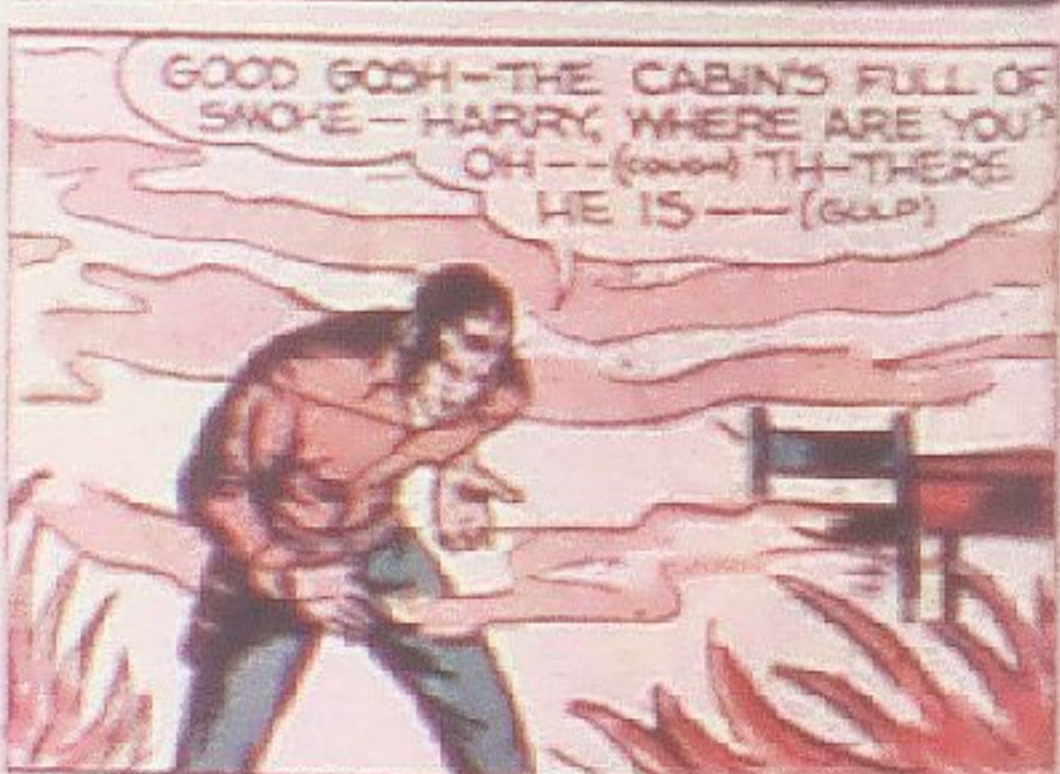
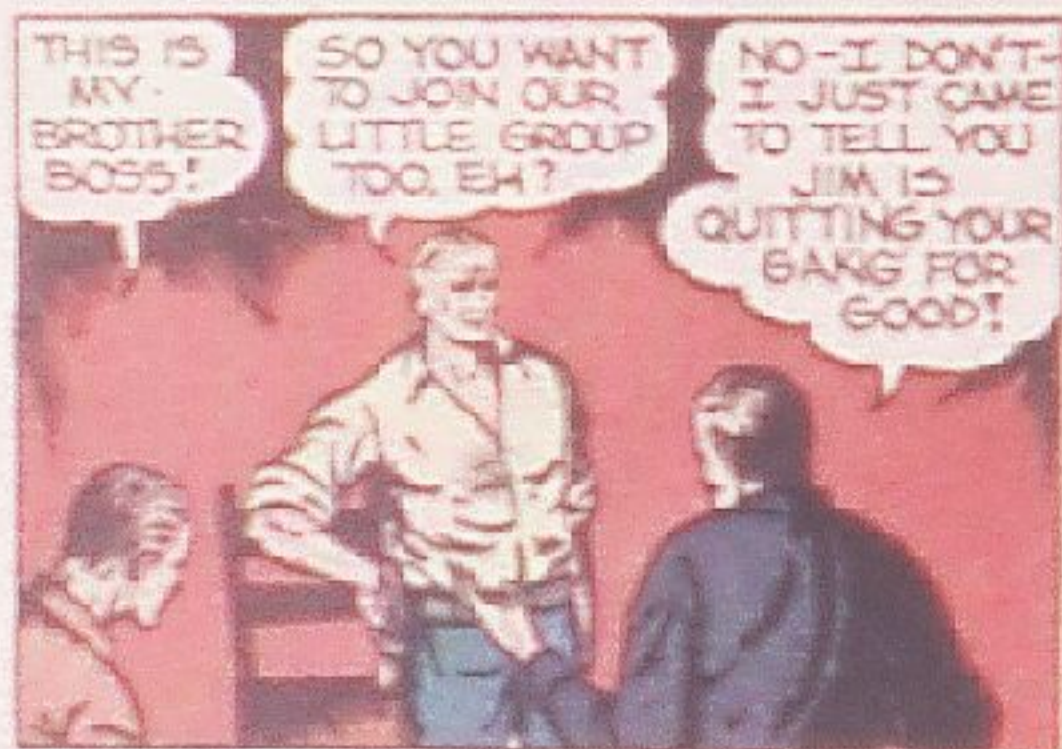
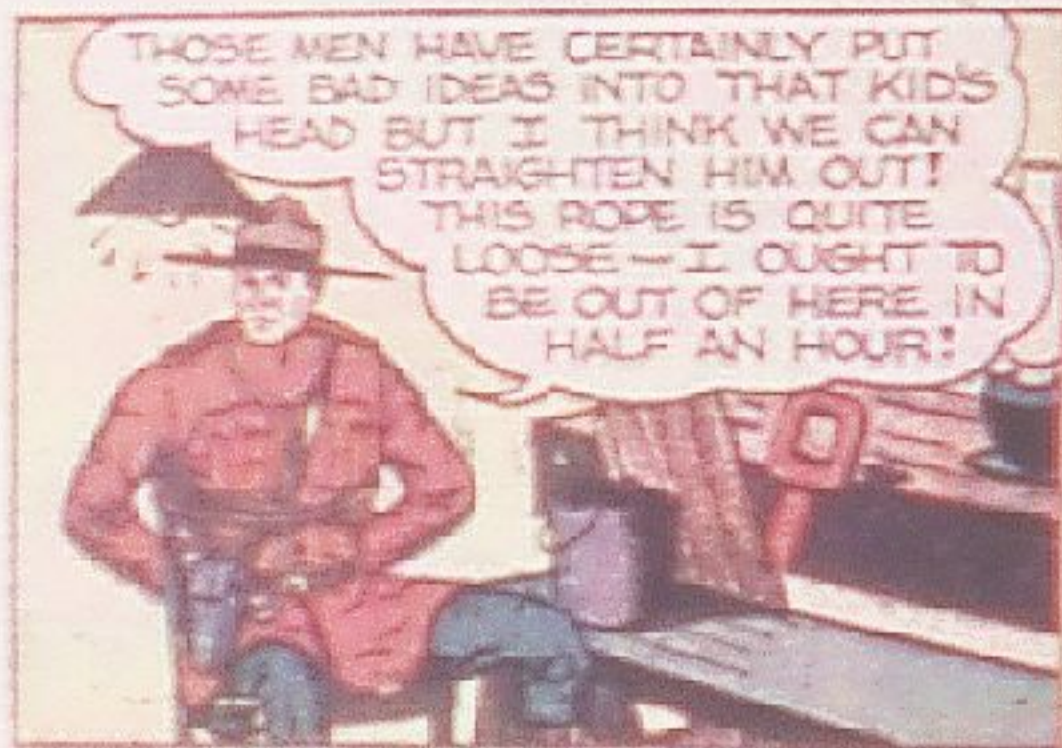


JIM—YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME AND DROP YOUR FOOLISH IDEA OF JOINING THIS GANG!

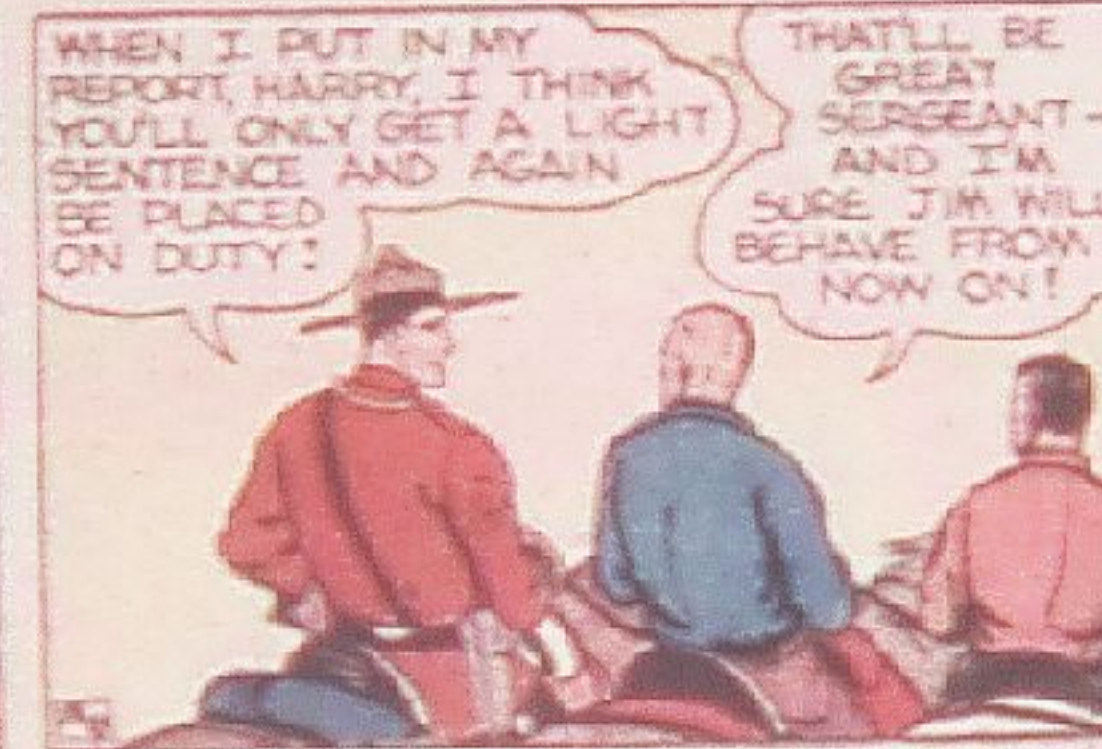
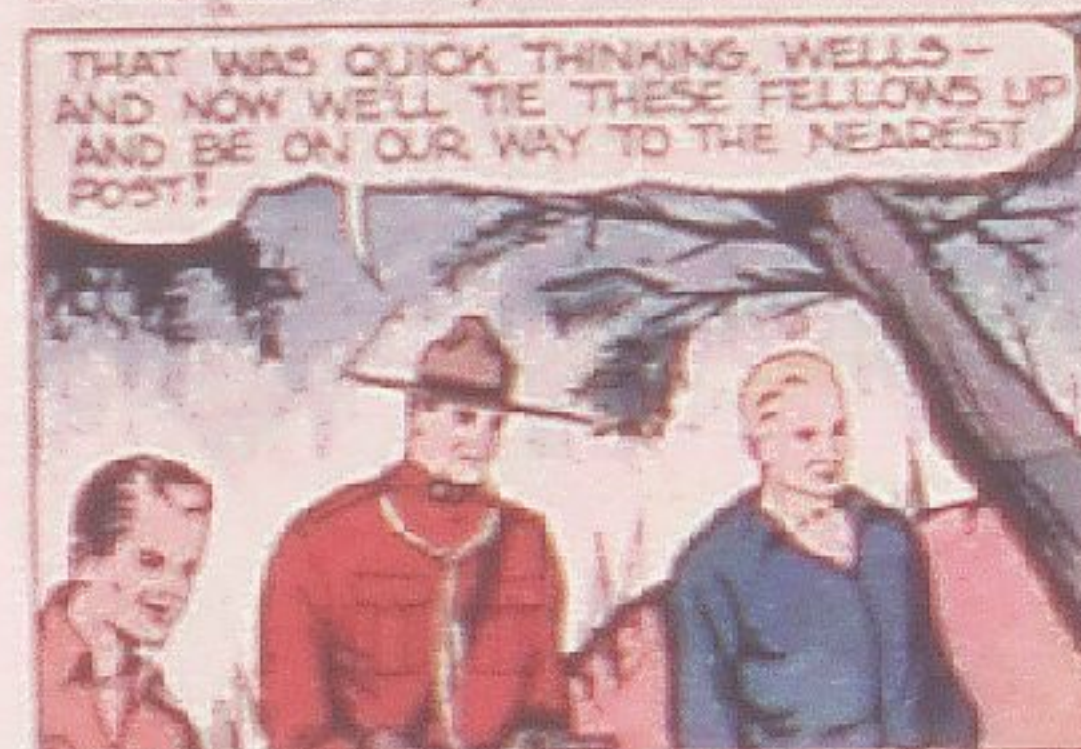
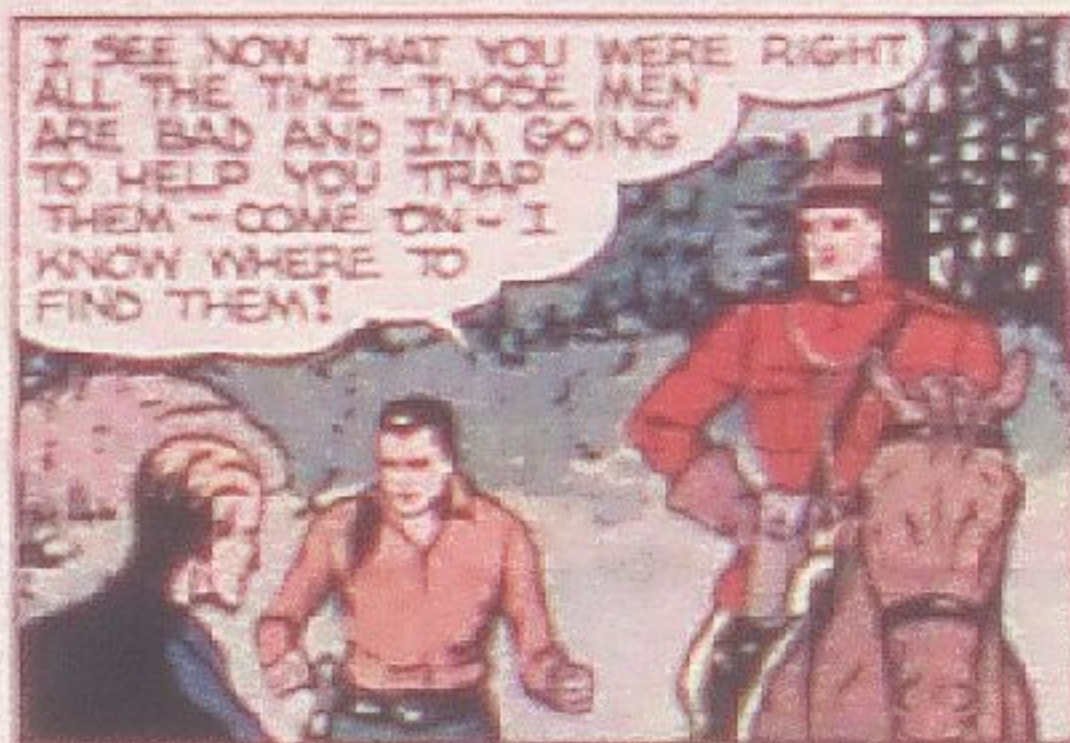
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING—WE'LL BE MILES AWAY BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO BREAK LOOSE!











Another episode of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the June issue—on sale April 28th.



# BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

AFTER RECEIVING HIS ADVANCE MAN'S WIRE, JEFF SENDS FOR HIS PRESS AGENT—

COME IN, DON— SIT DOWN. WE'VE GOT A BATTLE ON OUR HANDS!

THAT SO??

STINGER BROS. HAVE MOVED INTO OUR ROUTE, AND OUR DATES! THEY ARE ALSO PLAYING AT PITT FALLS TOMORROW— AND THEY'VE COVERED OUR POSTERS!

WHAT? THOSE CROOKS! HOW ARE YOU PLANNING TO FIGHT THEM, CHIEF?

YOU'RE TAKING THE NEXT TRAIN FOR PITT FALLS— AND YOU'LL PLACE THIS "AD" IN THE NEWSPAPERS THERE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER

I HEAR THE BOSS IS MAKIN' IT HOT FOR STINGER BROS. SILK—

IT SERVES 'EM RIGHT, DAD!

STINGER BROS., RED, IS THE KIND OF CROOKED SHOW THAT USES CHEAP GAMBLING GAMES TO GET MONEY, RATHER THAN GIVING GOOD CLEAN ENTERTAINMENT!!

AN' THAT'S WHY MISTER BANGS IS GONNA GET AFTER 'EM? BECAUSE THEY AIN'T ON THE LEVEL, HUH?

SAY, FLIP— WASN'T SILK FOWLER WITH STINGER BROS. YEARS AGO?

YEAH— BUT SILK DENIES IT—

THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE PEOPLE OF PITT FALLS SEE THE STARTLING "AD"

LAND SAKES, MARA— THAT'S SURE SOME WARNIN'!!

AN' I THINK HE WAS GOIN' TO THAT STINGER CROUS TOO!

JES' USSEN T THIS, ELVER— "WARNIN'— BEWARE OF SHORT-CHANGE MEN, CROOKED GAMES OF CHANCE WHICH SO-CALLED CIRCUSES OPERATE!! BANGS BROS. DO NOT DO THIS— AND ARE THE ONLY SHOW GIVIN' A PARADE TODAY!!

OKAY, BANGS— BUT WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU YOU'LL BE A VERY SAD FOOL!!

AS THE PARADE IS ABOUT TO TAKE THE STREET AT PITT FALLS—

SAY, JEFF— I'D LIKE TO GO OVER AND TELL STINGER WHAT I THINK FOR HIS SAYIN' I USED TO BE WITH HIM!

SUIT YOURSELF— BUT IF YOU SEE HIM TELL HIM IF HE DOESN'T STAY OUT OF OUR TERRITORY I'LL REALLY MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM!

A HALF HOUR LATER— WILL YOU LOOK UP SAM STINGER AND TELL HIM MR. FOWLER WANTS TO SEE HIM?

YES SIR!

SAM STINGER SOON APPEARS—

HYA SILK!! SAY, YOU'RE TAKIN' AN AWFUL CHANCE COMIN' HERE, AIN'T CHA?

DON'T WORRY, SAM— IT'S ALL OKAY!

HA-HA!! THE OLD MAN THINKS I'M OVER HERE TO BAIL YOU OUT!! HE EVER KNEW WE ARE WORKING TOGETHER HED HAVE FITS!

NOW, SAM— I THINK YOU'D DO US MORE HARM BY STAYIN' A DAY OR TWO AHEAD OF US— AND YOU'D DO A BETTER BUSINESS!

THAT'S A SWEET IDEA, SILK!! THAT "AD" HURT US A LOT!



# BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

NOW SAM—JUST KEEP HOPPING IN AND OUT OF OUR TERRITORY AND THAT'LL WORRY BANGS—I'LL TRY TO WRECK HIS SHOW ON THE INSIDE, BUT I MUST BE CAREFUL AS THEY'RE GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

WELL, IF BANGS' AD HURTS US HERE WE'LL JUMP RIGHT TO OTTSBURG A DAY AHEAD OF 'EM!

MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT WILL MAKE JEFF BANGS LOSE PLenty OF SLEEP! LISTEN—

A HALF HOUR LATER—

WELL, JEFF—I THREW A GOOD SCARE INTO SAM STINGER—I TOLD HIM PLenty!!

GOOD FOR YOU, SILK!

THE BANGS BROS. PARADE AND THE NEWS-PAPER "AD" BROUGHT OUT THE SEASON'S BIGGEST CROWD

GET YER HOT DOGS HERE, FOLKS! STEP RIGHT UP!!

SEE TH' SIDE SHOW FOLKS—BEFORE TH' BIG SHOW STARTS!

GUESS WE'LL SKIP THE NIGHT SHOW AND HOP TO OTTSBURG—BUT, I'LL GET EVEN WITH JEFF BANGS!!

THE BIG TOP IS PACKED AS BANGS BROS. BIG SHOW NOW BEGINS TO UNFOLD

SILK FOHLER MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT—AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—WE PRESENT OUR GREAT TROUPE OF LIBERTY HORSES IN A SENSATIONAL NEW ACT!!

READY—UP!!—UP!! HOLD IT!!

THEN RED AND HIS DOGS PUT ON THEIR ACT—

BOY! LISTEN TO 'EM CLAP!!

AFTER THE SHOW, SILK SEES JEFF BANGS—

SAY, JEFF—STINGER BROS. ARE LEAVING WITHOUT SHOWING TONIGHT—

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

I SENT ONE OF OUR MEN OVER—HE SAID THERE WAS NO BUSINESS AT ALL EXCEPT A FEW STRAY RISSES!!

I GUESS THEY WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!! HA—HA!

THEY'D BETTER NOT! I'LL FIGHT 'EM IF IT TAKES ALL MY MONEY—AND PUT THE PUBLIC WISE TO 'EM!!

CONTINUED

Big Top is continued in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.



# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCUX





# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX



More of Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the June issue—on sale April 28th



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



**YÜ THE GREAT**  
*Emperor of China (2335-225 B.C.)*  
 RULED UNTIL HIS DEATH  
 AT THE AGE OF 100—  
 YET WAS IN OFFICE  
 ONLY 7 YEARS!  
 HE WAITED 16 YEARS  
 AFTER HIS APPOINTMENT  
 UNTIL THE DEATH OF HIS  
 PREDECESSOR, SHEN, WHO  
 LIVED TO BE 110!



THE VEGETARIAN  
 GRASSHOPPER  
 IMITATES DRY LEAVES WHEN AT REST—  
 (EVEN TO CRACKS AND DISCOLORATIONS  
 IN ITS WINGS)



RAGS AND RICHES!  
 PEASANT COSTUMES WERE  
 THE OFFICIAL COURT DRESS  
 DURING THE REIGN OF  
 LOUIS XV OF FRANCE!



BABIES CAN  
 CRY AT BIRTH—  
 BUT CANNOT SHED  
 TEARS UNTIL  
 THEY ARE FROM  
 2 TO 5 MONTHS  
 OLD...

## HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT?

SOME SAY EVE 8 AND ADAM 2 (10)...  
 OTHERS CLAIM EVE 8 AND ADAM 8 (16)...  
 BUT IF EVE 81 AND ADAM 812 (893)...  
 EVE PROBABLY 814 ADAM AND ADAM  
 8122 OBLIGE EVE (8936)...  
 ALTHOUGH EVE 814 ADAM, ADAM WHEN  
 HE 8128122 MAKE EVE HAPPY (8128936)...  
 HOWEVER, EVE, WHEN SHE 81812 MANY  
 AND ADAM 8124 SIMPLY, SO ADAM,  
 IF HE 812812242-PI EYES SPIRIT!  
 (812902178)...

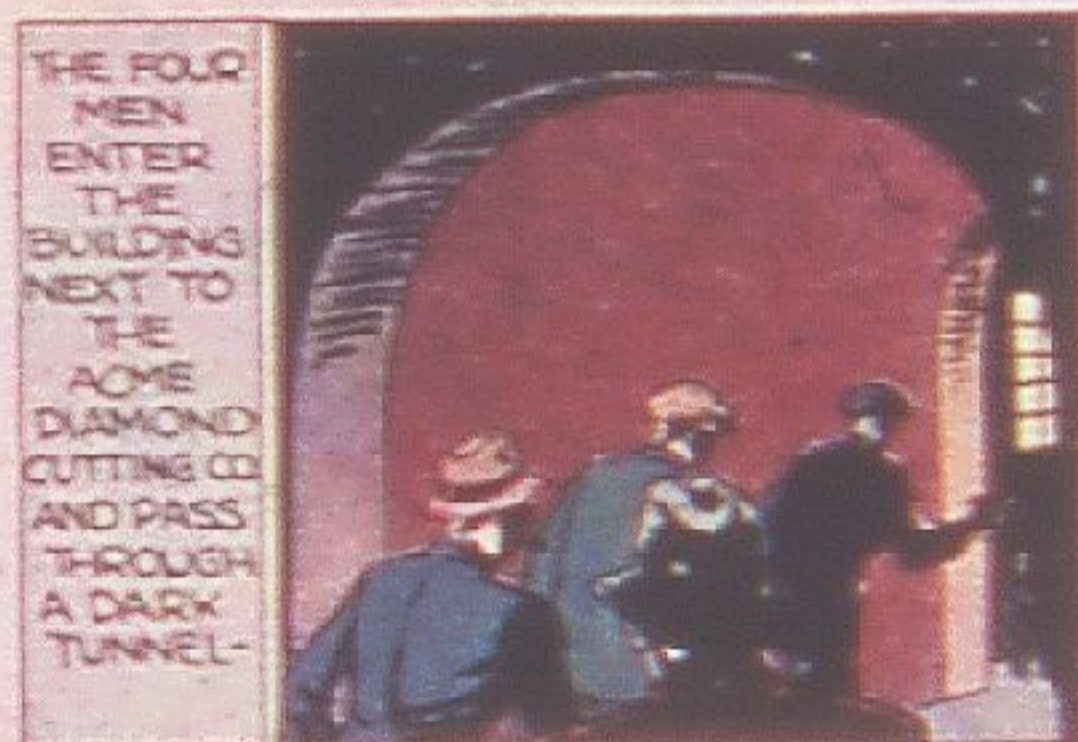
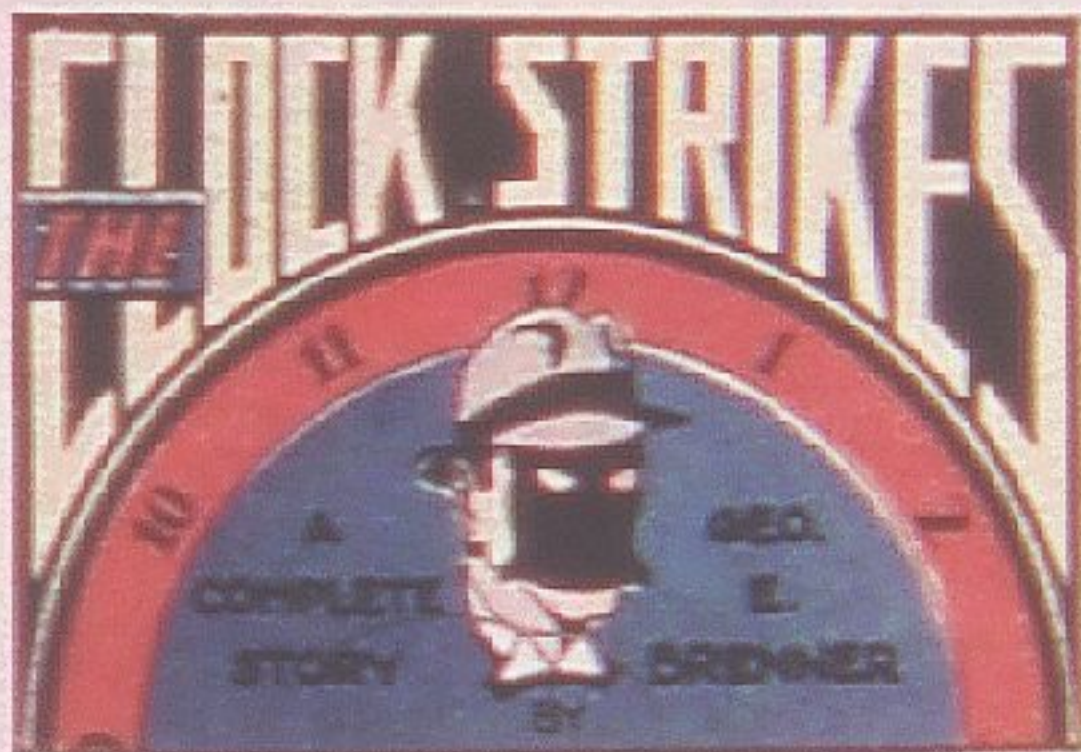
TOTAL  
 OF 821,040,969  
 APPLES!



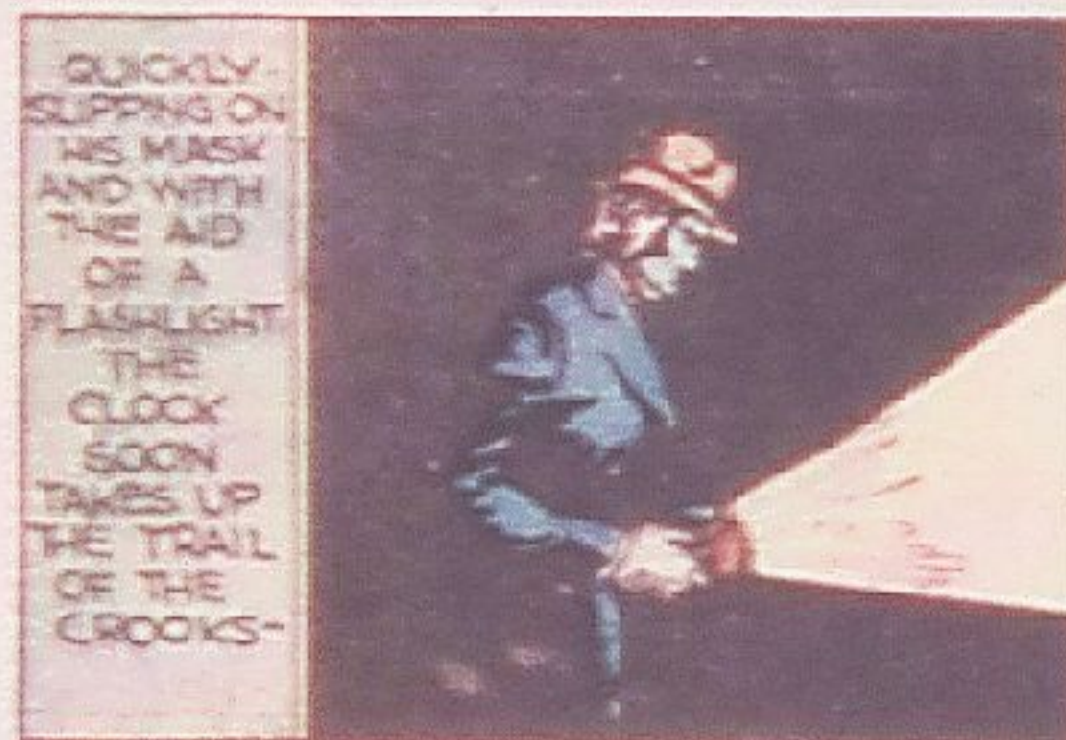
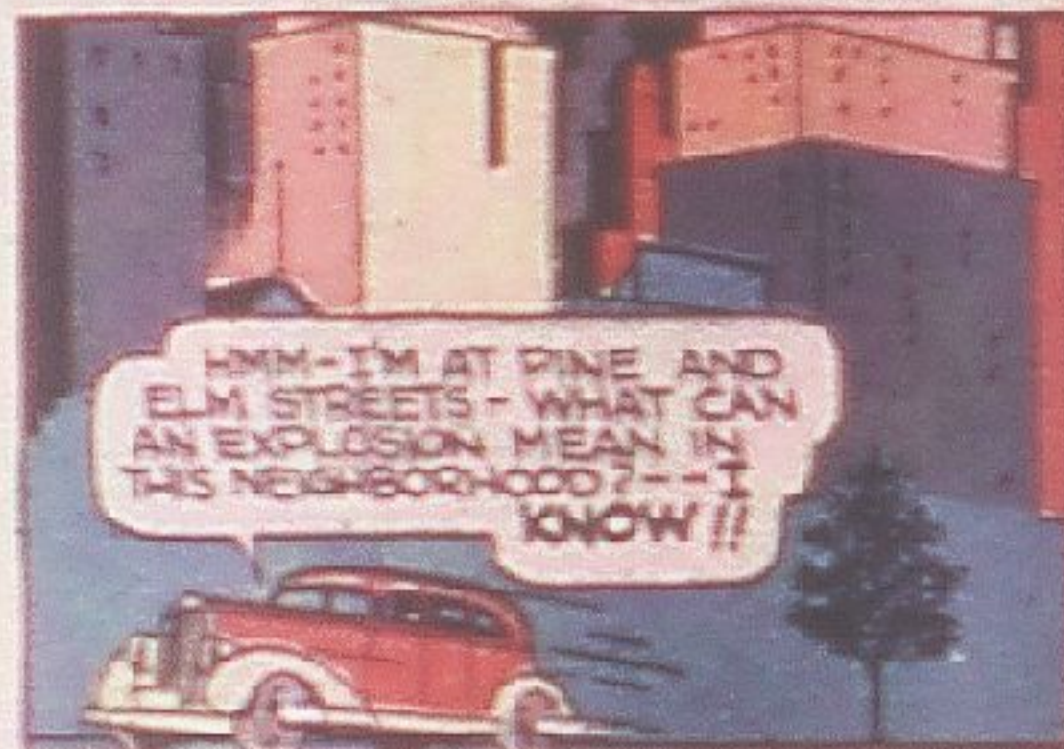
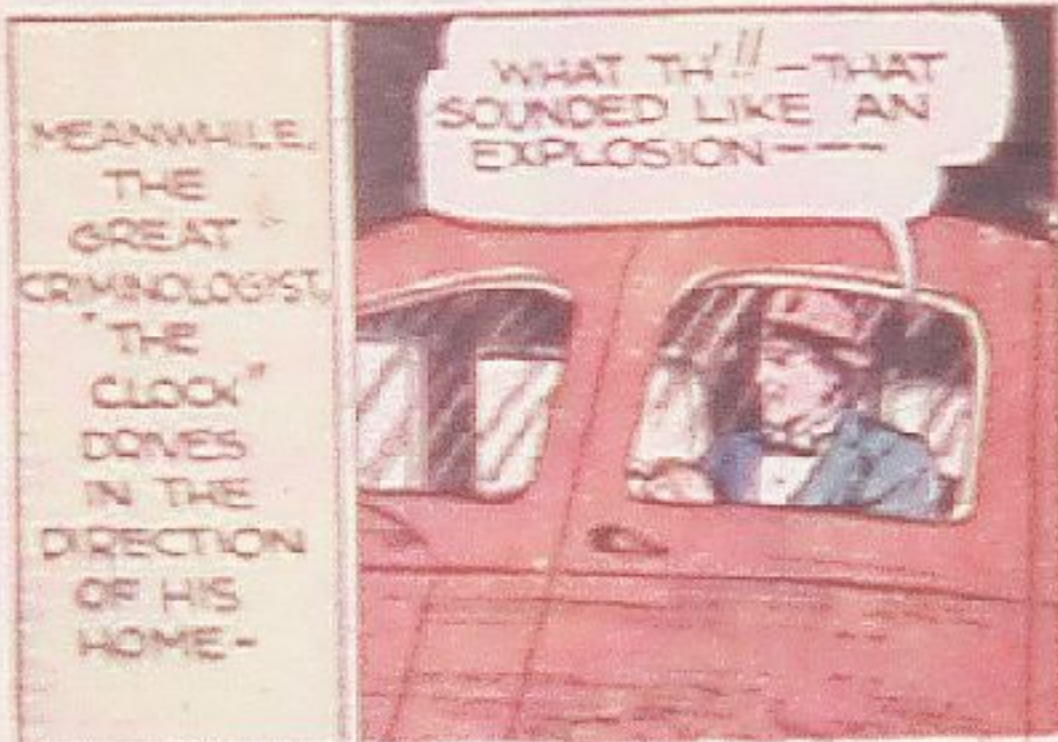
HANS  
 WAGNER  
 IS THE ONLY  
 MAN WHO EVER  
 STOLE 3 BASES IN  
 ONE WORLD SERIES  
 GAME  
 Pittsburgh Pirates













AND  
SUDDENLY  
THE  
CLOCK  
STOPS—



VOICES—  
WHOEVER IT  
IS, THEY'RE  
NOT FAR  
AHEAD—



CAUTIOUSLY  
HE  
ROUNDS  
A  
CORNER  
AND  
HE  
SEES  
THE  
CROOKS  
AT  
WORK—

OKAY, BOYS WE'VE  
BEEN HERE LONG  
ENOUGH—LET'S GO,  
THAT EXPLOSION  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
HEARD—



IT WAS MY FRIEND!!—AND  
THE FIRST ONE THAT MOVES WILL  
HEAR ANOTHER EXPLOSION—AND  
IT WILL BE HIS LAST!



ALL OF YOU—LINE UP  
AGAINST THAT  
WALL—



UNKNOWN  
TO  
THE  
CLOCK,  
THE  
FOURTH  
CROOK  
QUETLY  
SNEAKS  
UP  
BEHIND  
HIM—



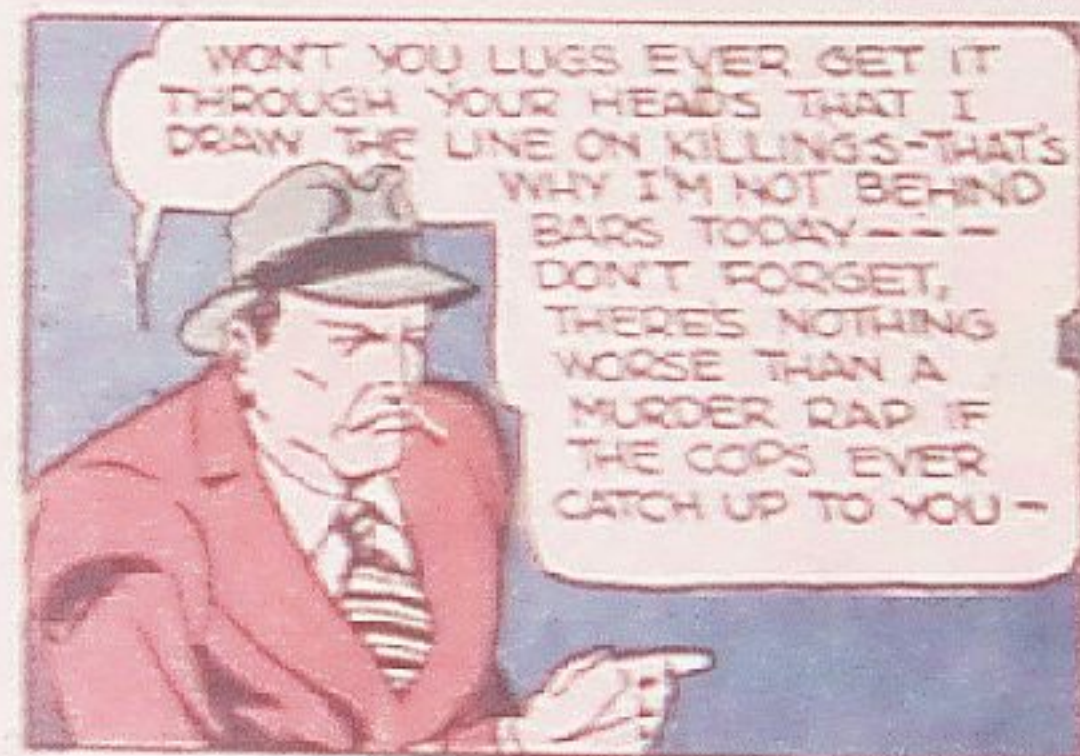
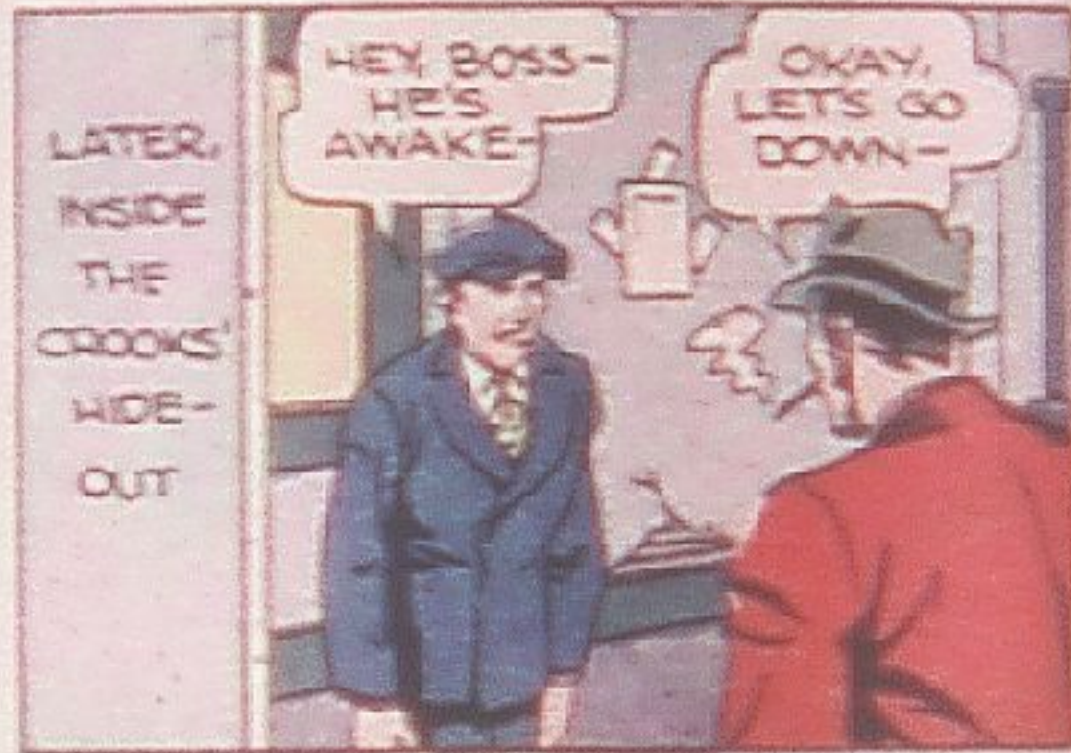
YOU—GET A ROPE AND  
TIE UP YOUR TWO PALS—  
BEFORE I—



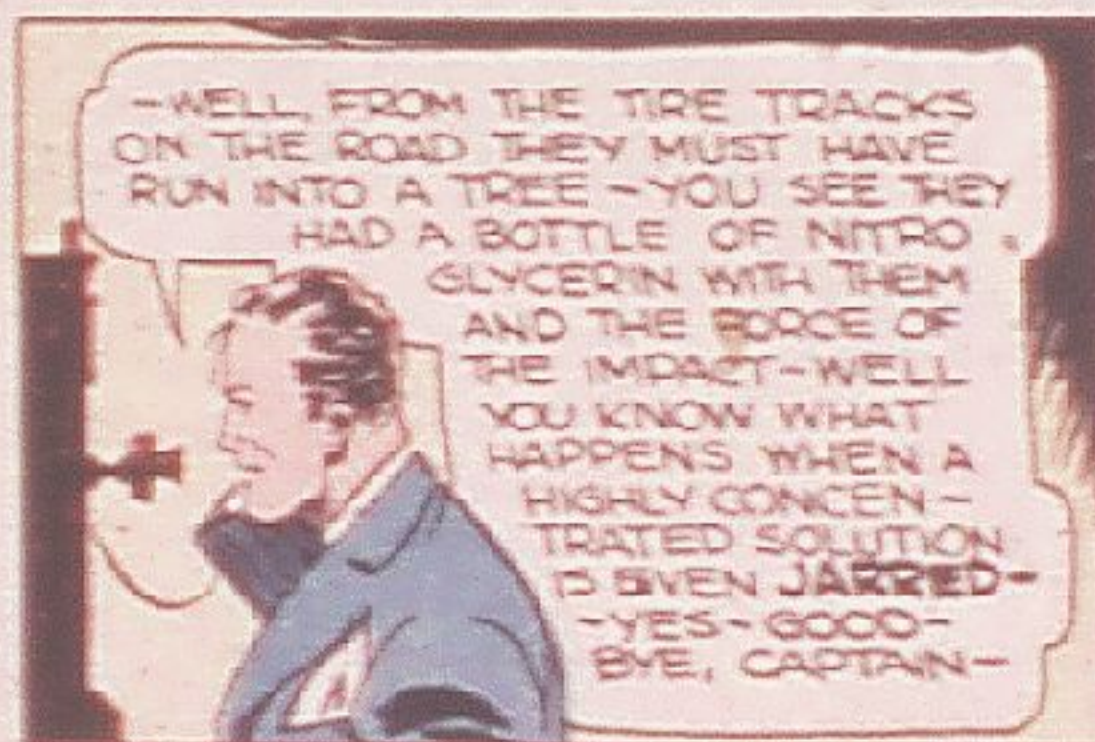
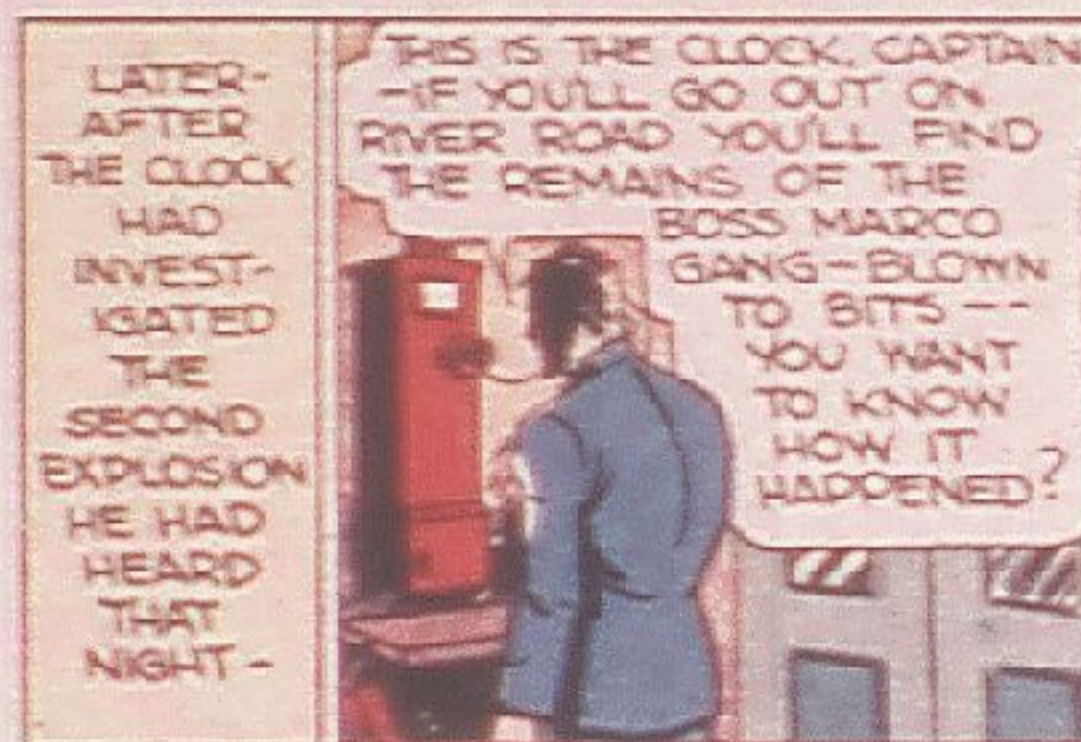
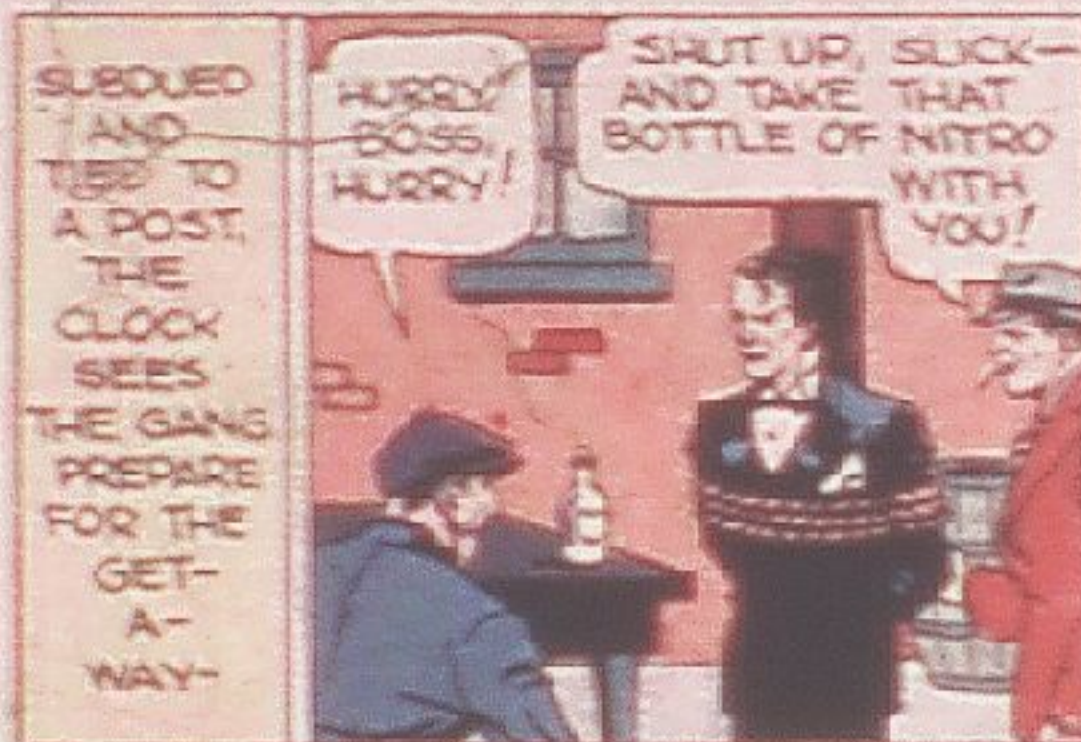
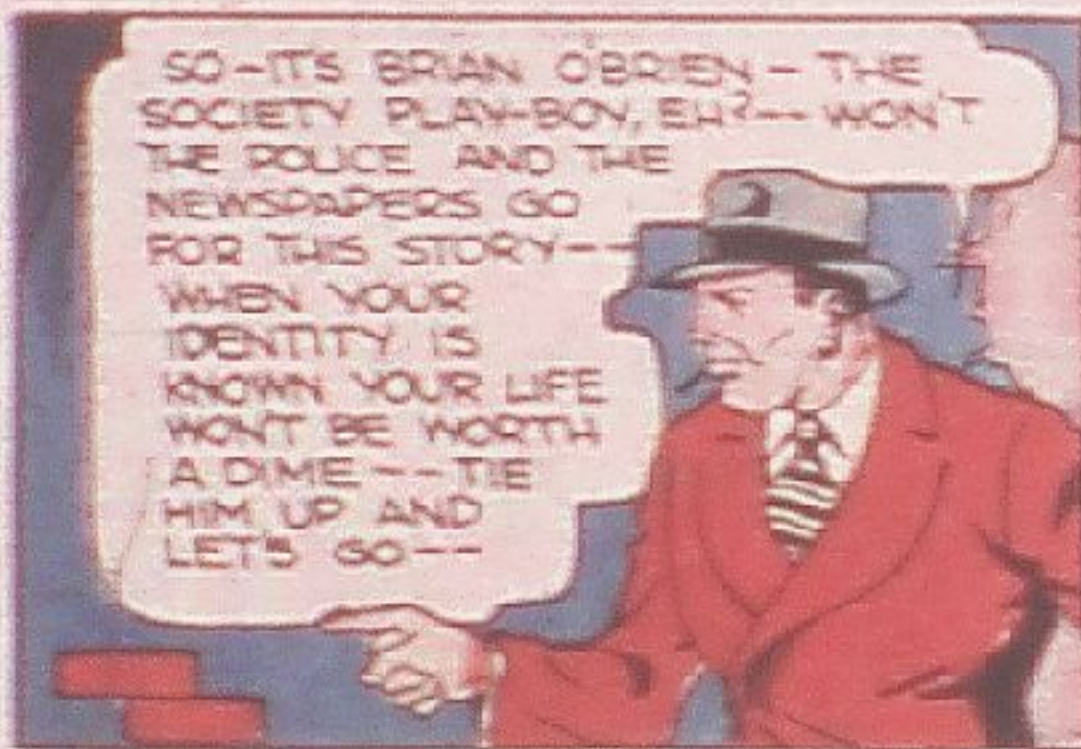
BEFORE YOU  
DO WHAT,  
WISE GUY—













# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
The Olympic  
Marathon  
of 1908  
in London

It's the finish of the hardest race in sport—the Olympic Marathon! See Dorando of Italy... With only a few feet of the grueling race to run, he enters the stadium, staggering with exhaustion along the ash track...



Gamely Dorando fights off unconsciousness. He's blind with fatigue. He stumbles, staggers, falls. A pitiful sight.



A gasp goes up, then the stands are tense, silent. Sympathy for the fallen Italian pervades the air. Race officials lift him to his feet and tenderly help him across the finish line!



But Dorando's tragedy is complete when he was later disqualified for the assistance the sympathetic officials gave him. Johnny Hayes, an American, was declared the winner. Hayes, who had trained for the event on the roof of a New York department store, finished less than a minute behind Dorando.



# Lulu Plinko

VINCENT'S DEVICE FOR KEEPING HIS CLEAN—WHEN GUEST DROPS OGAR STUB, HOST LOWERS BONE—POOCH WAGS HIS TAIL AND OGAR IS DUSTED UP IN DUSTPAN



AUNT LALA—BUD AND STUART AND TWO OF MY SORORITY SISTERS ARE COMING FOR THE WEEK END

FINE—THE GIRLS CAN HAVE MY ROOM



—AND THE BOYS CAN HAVE VINCENT'S ROOM—HE CAN SLEEP OVER THE GARAGE!

AUNT LALA—YOU'RE A DARLING TO MAKE EVERYBODY SO COMFORTABLE!



HEAVENS! VINCENT'S ROOM IS A MESS—WE MUST CLEAN IT UP

I'LL HELP, AUNTE!



UNCLE VINCENT—NO—HE'S NOT VERY NEAT, IS HE?

—BE RIGHT AT HOME IN AN ASH CAN!



IT WAS A LOT OF WORK BUT THE ROOM LOOKS PERFECT!

THE BOYS OUGHT TO FIND IT NICE AND COMEY—



VINCE, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT HORSE WE'RE BETTING ON TODAY?

GEE, I WROTE IT ON A SLIP OF PAPER AND LEFT IT HOME



DID I LEAVE IT IN MY OVER SUIT, OR PUT IT IN A BOOK, OR HIDE IT IN THE DRESSER?



I KNOW IT'S IN THIS ROOM SOMEWHERE—AND I GOTTA FIND IT!



AH—HERE IT IS—LITTLE TONSL, IN THE FOURTH RACE!



HELLO GANG!! COME ON IN!

COME BOYS—I'LL SHOW YOU RIGHT TO YOUR ROOM!



EARTHQUAKE OR CYCLONE?



# LALA PALOOZA

By Russ Goldwag

FOLKS HERE'S MY SPECIAL UMBRELLA FOR APRIL SHOWERS!



EXTRA HANDLE TO BE USED WHEN UMBRELLA BLOWS INSIDE OUT.  
WINDOW TO SEE WHEN IT STOPS RAINING.  
LOOK FOR LOOK-ING UMBRELLA TO RESTAURANT CHAIR.

EXTENSION TO KEEP FRIENDS SHOULDER FROM SETTING YET

TAKE MY TIP BUDDY-BET ON SHOESHINE BOY IN THE NEXT RACE!



I'LL ACCEPT YOUR ADVICE STRANGER- YOU SEEM TO BE IN THE KNOW!!



SHOESHINE BOY KINS!!

I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU-MY NAME IS OLIVER BOTSFORD--MASTER OF THE HOUNDS, AT THE HUNT CLUB!



MY SISTER WOULD LOVE TO GET IN YOUR SET!!

SAY, OLIVER, LALA'S ALWAYS WANTED THAVE A FOX HUNT AT HER ESTATE-- COULD YOU ARRANGE IT?



YES-SAY TOMORROW AT SUNRISE I'LL INVITE THE CLUB MEMBERS

WOHNT LALA BE SURPRISED WHEN THAT SHANKY TALL- HO CROWD RIDES UP ALL DRESSED IN THEIR RED COATS



MISTER BOTSFORD THANKS, SENT THIS FOX FOR THE HUNT-- WE'LL BRING THE DOGS HIM-SELF!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE GUY!

HE LOOKS CRAMPED IN THIS CASE-I'LL LET HIM LOOSE IN THE BATH ROOM SO HE CAN STRETCH HIS LEGS!



TOH! TOH! BABETTE IS SO CARELESS-- LEAVING MY FOX FUR LYING AROUND!



AN IDEAL SPOT FOR THE HUNT!





# LALA PALOOZA

By FRED BODIN

FOLKS, LET ME PRESENT MY STAMP-LICKING DEVICE—THE MOVEMENT OF THE PEN MAKES BRUSH SPANK STAMP HOUND—HE CRIES, AND MOSTENS THE STAMPS WITH TEARS!



VINCENT GET UP—IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK AND EVERYBODY IS READY FOR THE FOX HUNT!!

OKAY, SS!



HO HUM—I THINK I'D RATHER PLAY POOL—THE HOURS ARE MUCH MORE PLEASANT!!

HO HUM—



COME ON, RID VAN WINKLE—THEY'VE JUST RELEASED THE FOX!



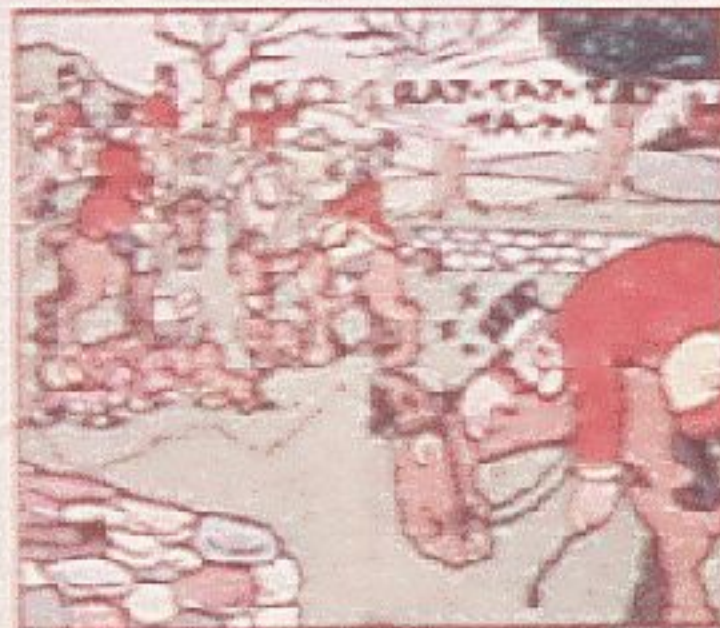
MR. BOTSFORD—WILL YOU GIVE ME A HAND WITH VINCENT? HE'S NEVER BEEN UP BEFORE NOON IN HIS LIFE!

MY HORD



I'M AFRAID THIS FELLOW WON'T HELP US MUCH ON THE HUNT!

HE DOES LACK IN SPIRIT!



KID! BASTARD! YEAH! YEAH!



IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT—THE POOR FOX AIN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST ALL THOSE PEOPLE!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, MISS LALA—WE'VE RODE FOR HOURS WITHOUT SEEING THE FOX!

EXHAUSTED!



More of Lala Palooza in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.



# CAPTAIN COOK

OF SCOTLAND YARD

IT IS A BRIGHT SPRING MORNING ABOUT  
THREE O'CLOCK CAPTAIN COOK HAS JUST  
FINISHED BREAKFAST IN HIS SMALL LONDON  
APARTMENT AND IS GOING TO THE RINGS  
WHEN HE MEETS THE CHIEF OF SCOTLAND YARD

MEET ARTHUR GILLINGHAM  
CAPTAIN-HE HAS A STRANGE  
STORY TO TELL YOU-

GREETINGS-  
WOULD YOU  
BE SEATED?



HAVE YOU HEARD  
OF THE 'SCORAB  
CURSE' SUPPOSEDLY  
THE CAUSE OF  
MANY DEATHS  
IN INDIA?

NO  
WHY?



YESTERDAY MY FATHER THE  
EARL OF GILLINGHAM WAS  
THREATENED BY WHOEVER  
SENT THIS NOTE-I HAVE TWO  
OTHER BROTHERS-AND FRANKLY  
WE'RE ALL

SCARED  
STIFF!



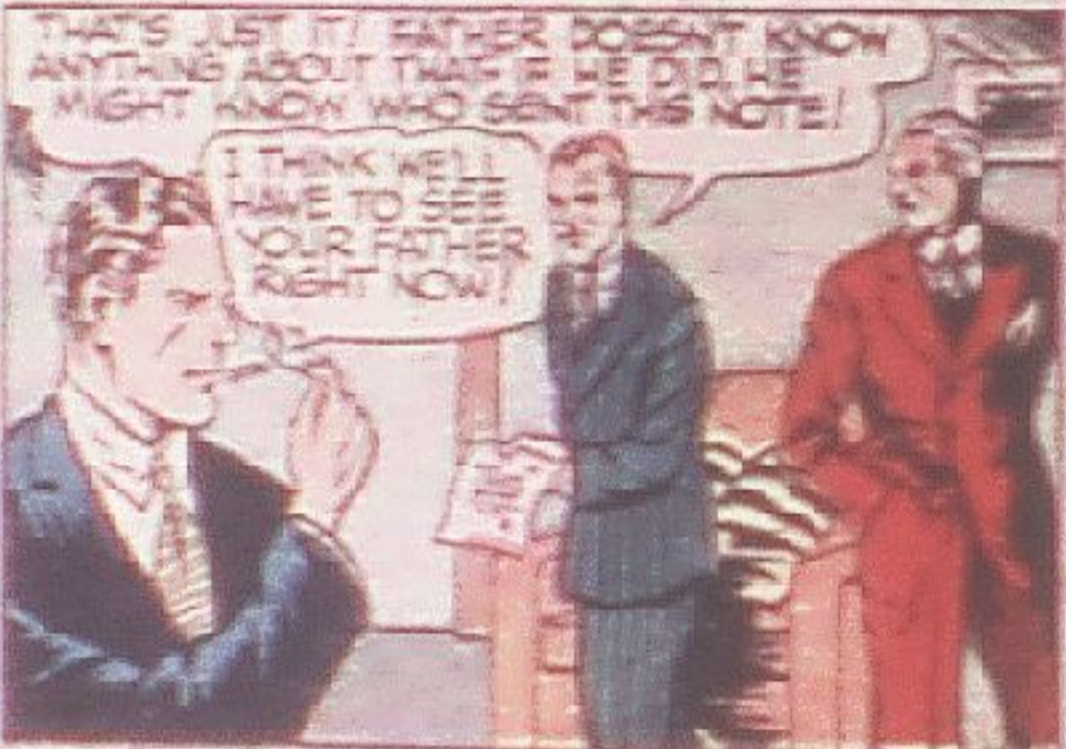
WHAT DOES  
THIS SCORAB  
FELLOW MEAN  
BY 'THE  
TREACHERY I  
HAVE NOT  
FORGOTTEN'?

To the Earl of  
Gillingham:  
The will of the  
you of the  
treachery I  
have not  
forgotten the day  
treachery was at  
hand- the scarab  
curse is upon  
you.



THAT'S JUST IT! FATHER DOESN'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT THIS IF HE DID HE  
MIGHT KNOW WHO SENT THIS NOTE!

I THINK WE'LL  
HAVE TO SEE  
YOUR FATHER  
RIGHT NOW!



LOSING NO TIME THE THREE MEN DRIVE TO 30  
HILLCREST LANE THE HOME OF THE GILLINGHAMS

DO YOU SERIOUSLY  
THINK THERE IS  
ANYTHING TO WORRY  
ABOUT, CAPTAIN?

CAN'T SAY-I  
MUST SEE WHAT  
YOUR FATHER  
THINKS OF  
THIS NOTE-



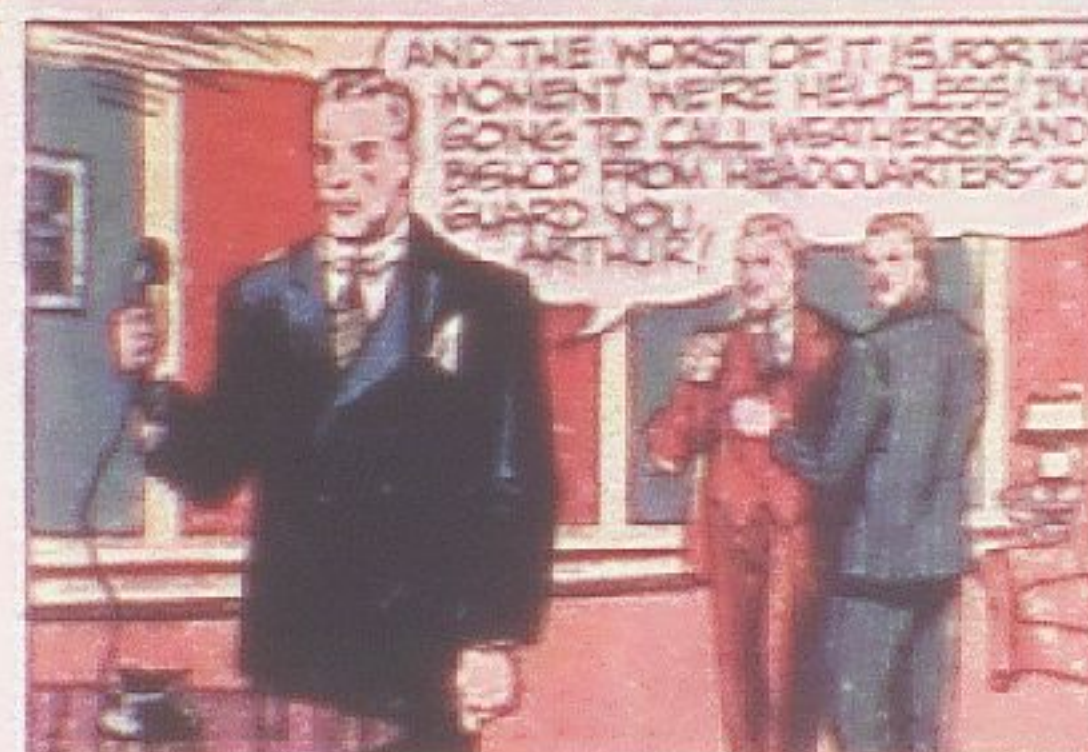
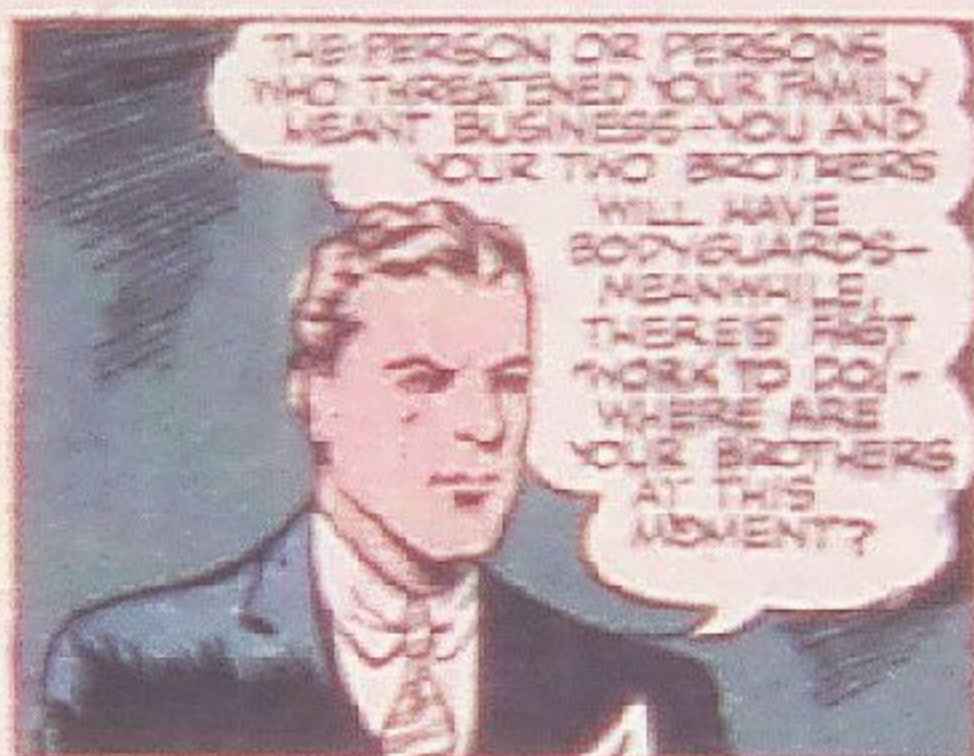
THEY ENTER THE GILLINGHAM LIBRARY AND...

GREAT SCOTT! THE  
EARL HAS BEEN  
STRANGLED  
TO DEATH!

STRANGLED  
WITH THIS SILK  
SCARF!









THAT NIGHT WHILE CAPTAIN COOK IS SLEEPING A STEALTHY SILENT FIGURE ENTERS HIS ROOM - THE LIGHT-SLEEPING COOK STIRS AND YAWNS...



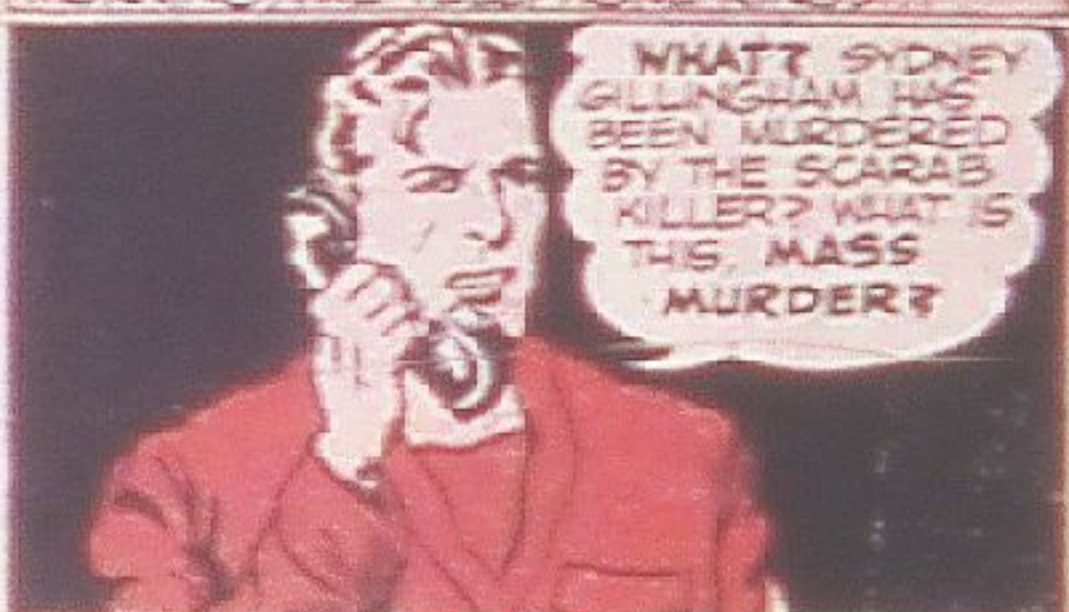
THE INTRUDER MOVES TOWARD COOK - BUT THE CAPTAIN IS AWAKE! SLOWLY THE DETECTIVE REACHES FOR A PISTOL, KEPT UNDER HIS PILLOW -



IN A FLASH COOK SPRINGS FROM BED - SNAPS ON THE LIGHTS - HE FIRES - THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR IS OUT OF THE WINDOW!



LIGHTNING DOESN'T STRIKE TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE - AT EIGHT O'CLOCK NEXT MORNING THE TELEPHONE RINGS



IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL IT COOK PRESENTS HIMSELF AT THE GILLINGHAM HOME - THE CHIEF WEATHERBY AND BISHOP ARE THERE



ARTHUR! YOU KNOW WHERE THIS HINDU DOCTOR LIVES. DON'T YOU?



A MAD DASH THROUGH LONDON STREETS - A RACE AGAINST TIME - AGAINST DEATH!



AT 64 HOYT ST. - JUMPING FROM THE CAR THE MEN LOSE NO TIME REACHING THE DOOR OF DR. GYHAN!







NOBODY HERE—TO THE CELLAR, QUICK!



JOHN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE!

ARTHUR! WAS SOMETHING HAPPENED?

GENTLEMEN! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

DOCTOR GYHANI?



YOU AND JOHN WAIT HERE FOR THREE MEN WEARING SMOKE GLASSES—WHATEVER HAPPENS HOLD YOUR GROUND! WE'LL HIDE IN THE TOOL ROOM!

YES, BUT WHY—!



I THOUGHT DR. GYHANI WAS THE MURDERER, CAPTAIN! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

NO CHIEF! WE'RE WAITING FOR THREE MEN! OUR WHOLE CASE DEPENDS ON LETTING THEM GET WITHIN AN INCH OF JOHN GILLINGHAM!

A HALF HOUR LATER—THEN A FEW MOMENTS MORE—THREE MEN APPROACH JOHN AND THE DOCTOR—ONE CARRIES A SILK SCARF!



THEY ARE ABOUT TO KILL JOHN GILLINGHAM—COOK DARTS FROM THE TOOL ROOM AND—



STOP! ALL OF YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDERS OF THE EARL OF GILLINGHAM AND HIS SON SYDNEY! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

TAKING A HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS POCKET, COOK REMOVES MAKE-UP FROM THE FACE OF ONE CAPTIVE—

INCREDIBLE! THESE! RIGHT! AND WHAT'S MORE THEY ARE THE BRISTON BROTHERS—HERS MEANT TO Wipe OUT THE GILLINGHAM FAMILY TO GAIN THAT TITLE—THE BLACKSHEEP OF ROYALTY!



THEY POSED AS HINDUS—BUT THEIR EYES ARE BLUE—HENCE THE DARK GLASSES. THEY USED THE HINDU CURSE LEGEND, THE HINDU DEATH STRANGLE ALL TO ELUDE US CHIEF! I KNEW THIS CASE WAS DEEP AND CHECKED LAST NIGHT ON EVERYONE WHO HAS CALLED FREQUENTLY ON THE GILLINGHAMS. FOR SEVERAL REASONS, THIS WAS MY CONCLUSION—



THE BRISTON FAMILY WAS NEXT IN LINE FOR THE GILLINGHAM TITLE—BUT NONE OF 'EM WILL EVER BE AN EARL NOW!



# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,





**GOOBYE DYE DYE**



# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL

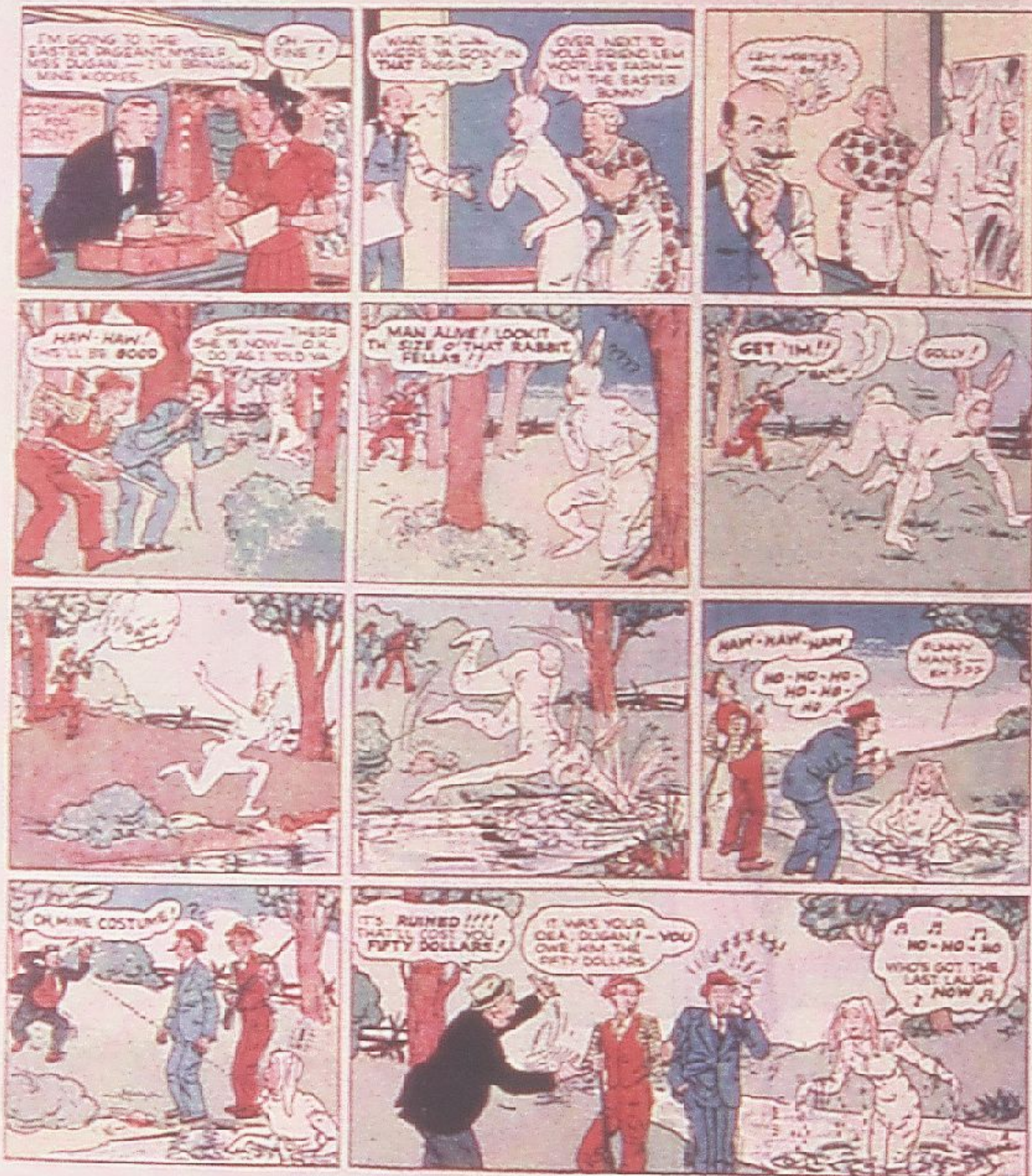






## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL







# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



—AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE DRESSES THE GIRLS UNEARTHED—

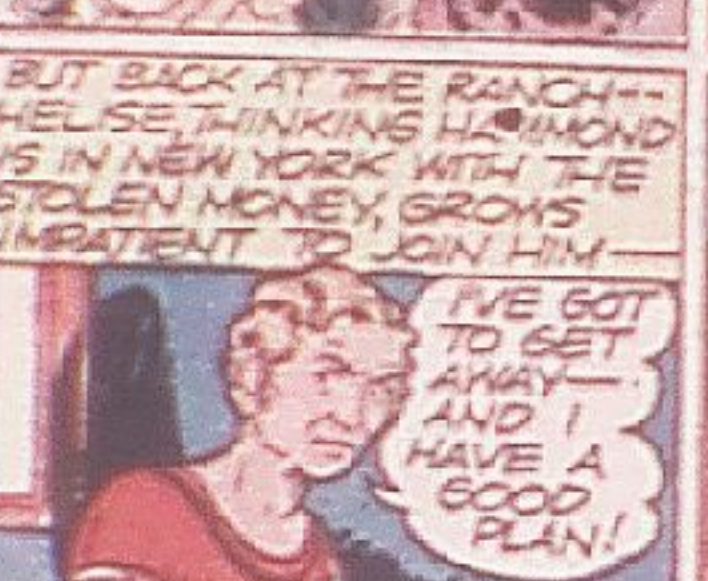
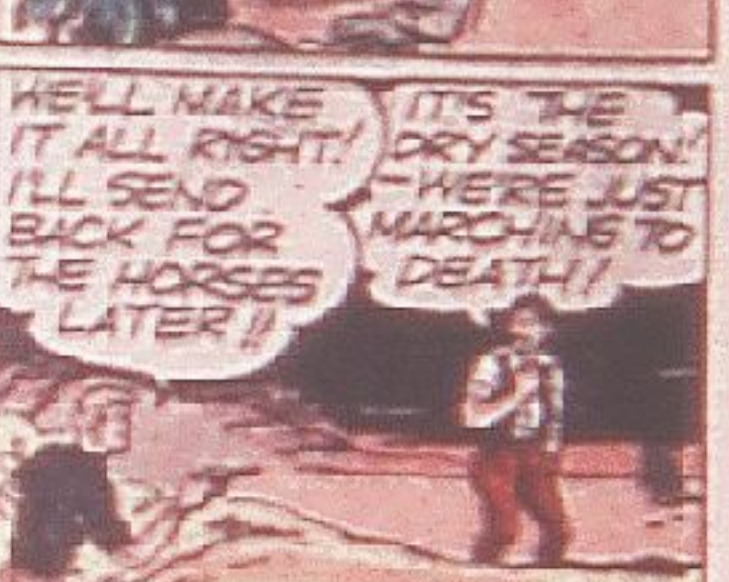
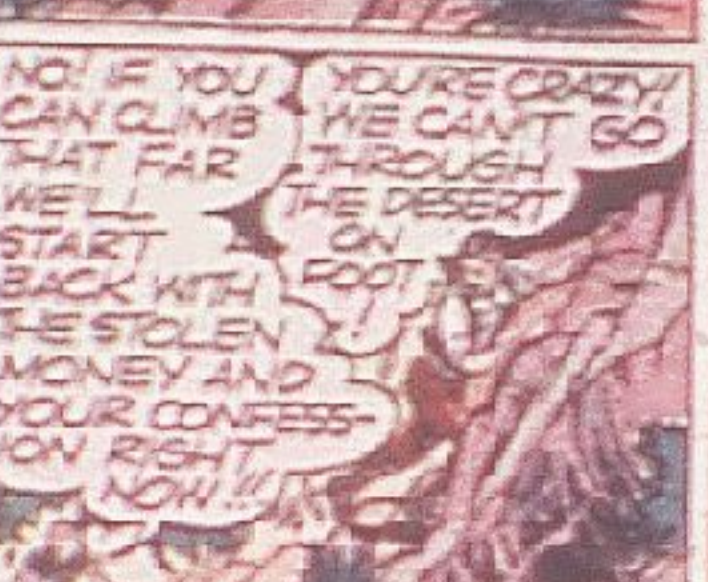
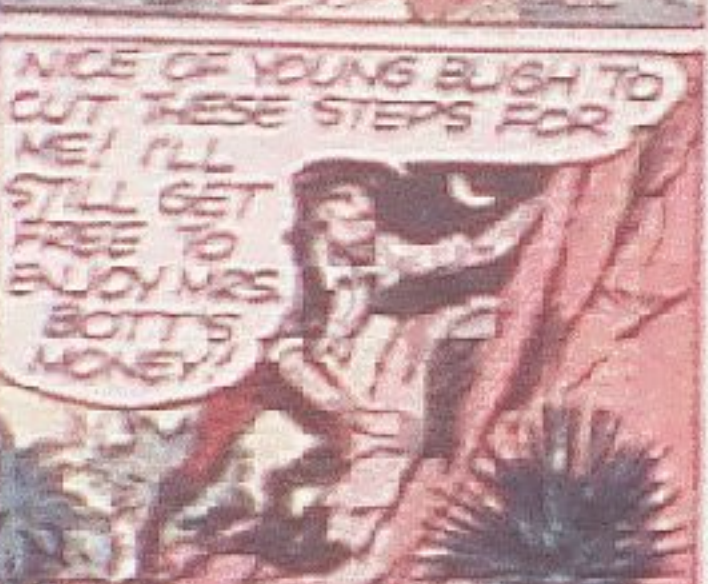
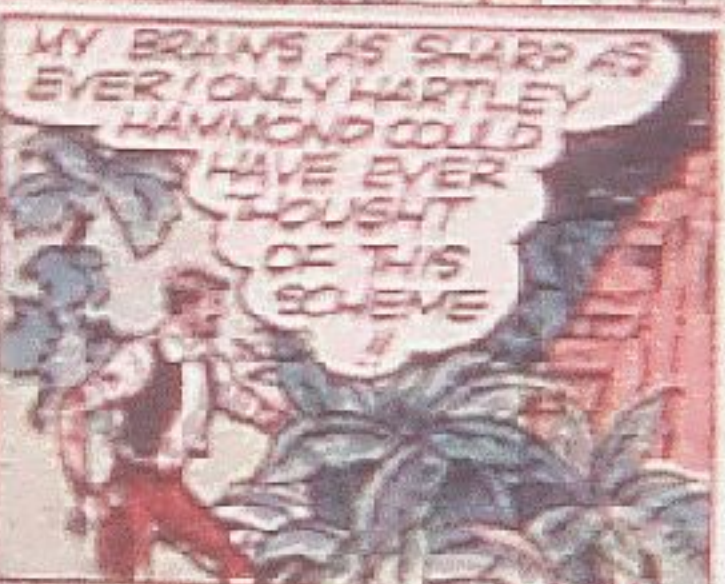
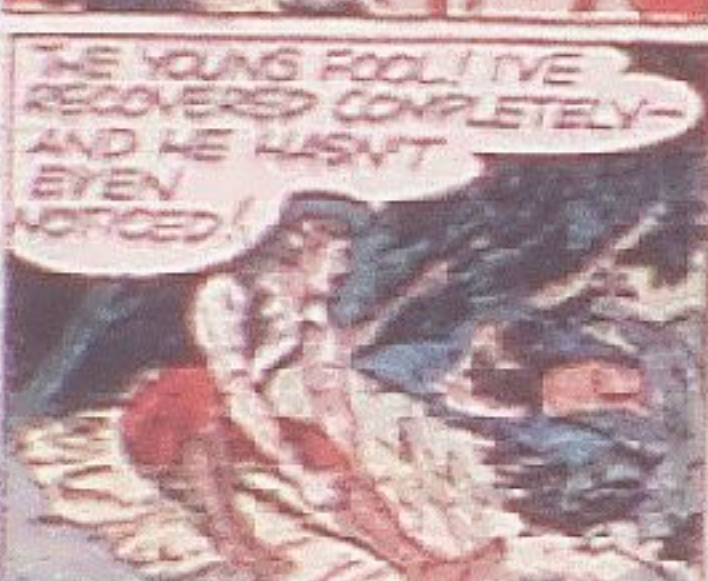
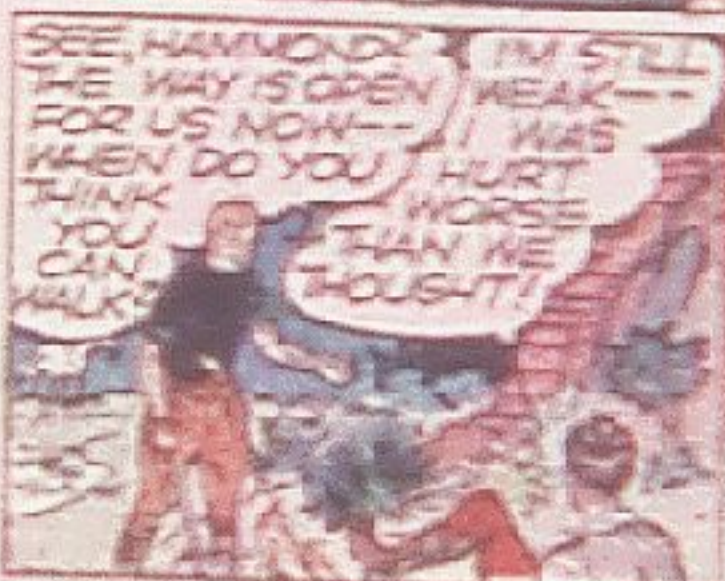
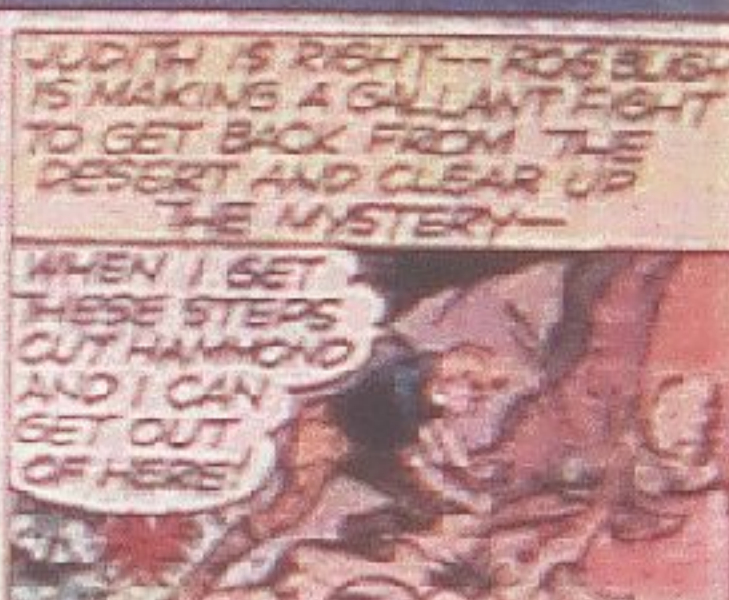
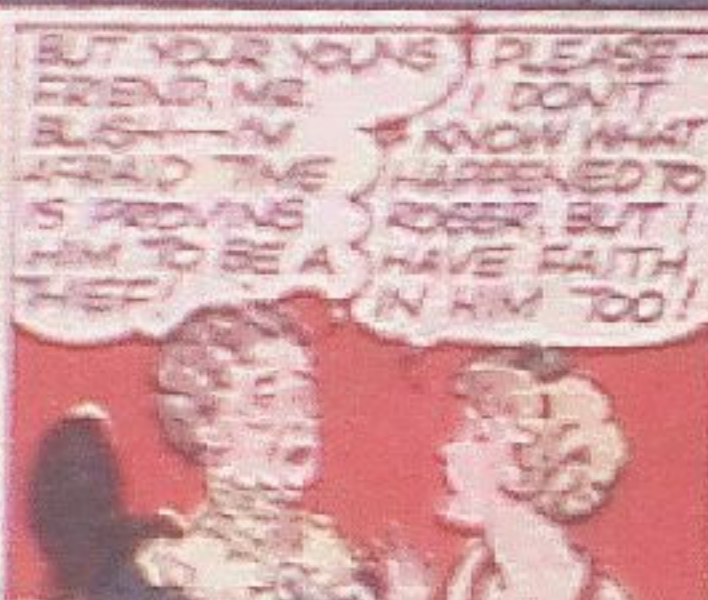
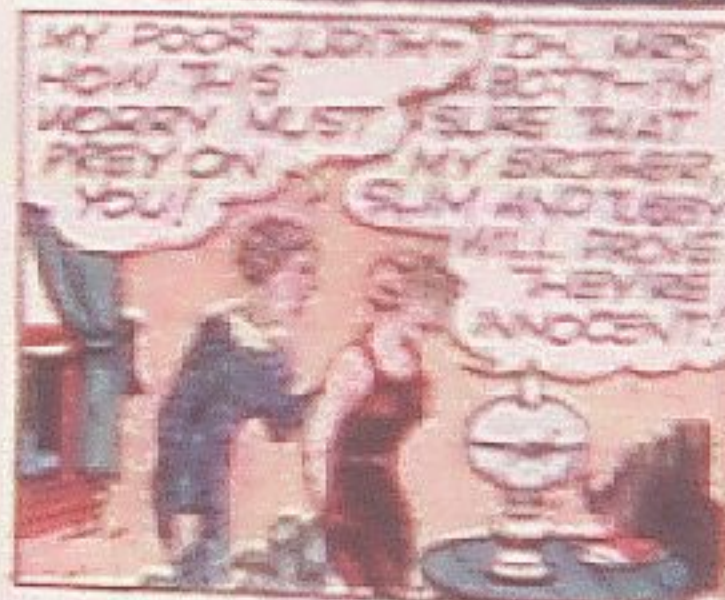


More of Dixie Dugan in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.



# SLIM and TUBBY

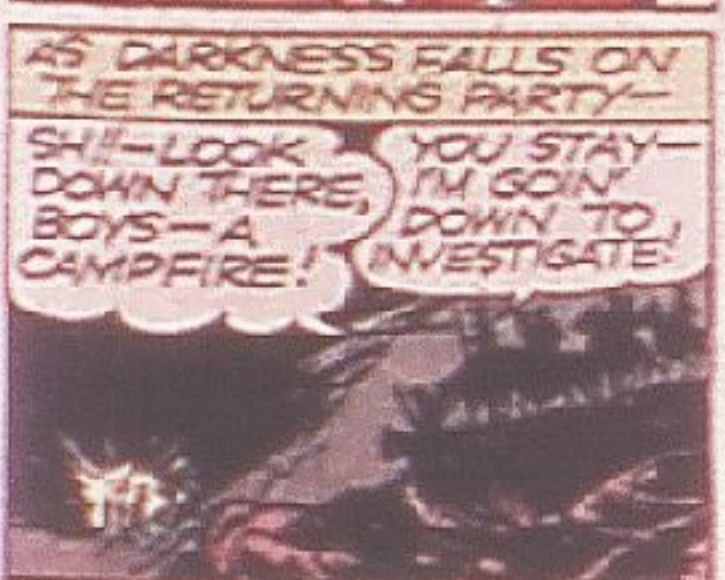
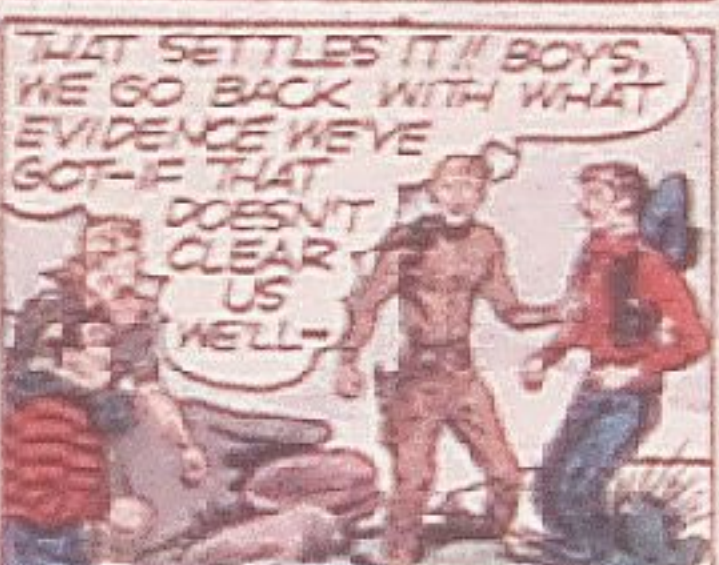
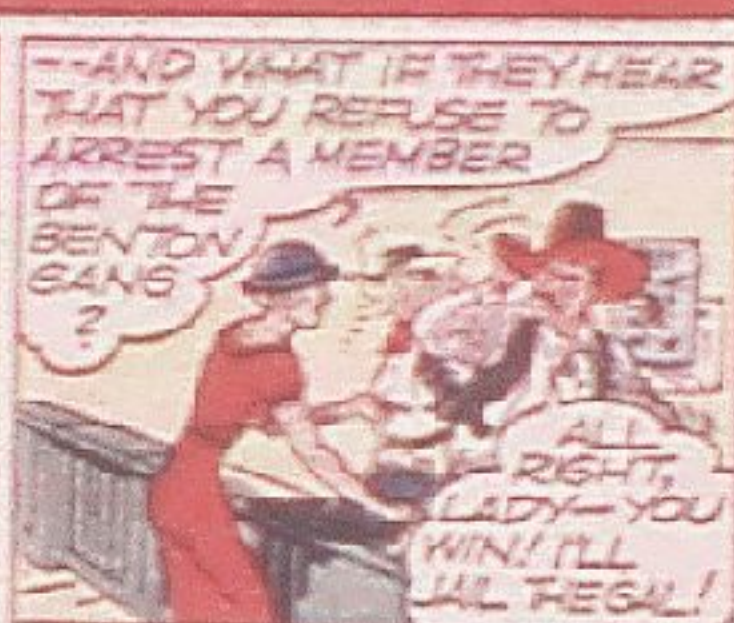
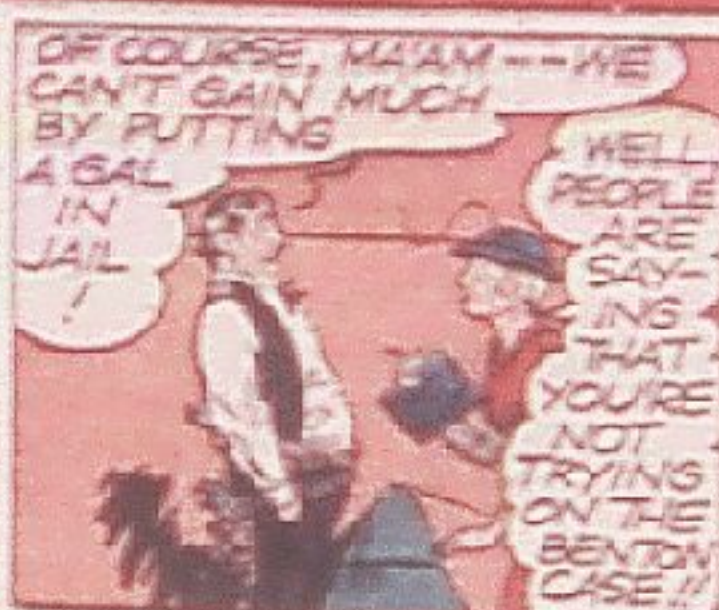
John J. Welch





# SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



CONTINUED

Slim and Tubby is continued in the June issue--on sale April 28th.



# THE MYSTERY OF ECHO ISLAND

By John A. Thorne

CHAPTER I—MAN OF IRON

"Gee, Tommy, I'm worried about Dad," muttered Rusty Dalton. "We haven't heard from him since he left for Echo Island, almost two weeks ago."

Tommy Walters frowned. "Guess all inventors are a bit queer," he said.

Rusty's eyes flashed. "Mebbe!" he snapped curtly.

The chums were seated on the Dalton front porch. Shavings faintly covered the ground and the keen blades of their glistening new "scout knives" never paused an instant.

"Mebbe your Dad is having trouble with his mechanical man," suggested Tommy.

Rusty shook his head. "Dad finished the robot and it works perfectly. Right now he's working on a new air-bomb. Don't tell anyone," he added quickly.

"A bomb!" ejaculated Tommy.

"Uh-huh!" Rusty's chest threatened the buttons of his shirt. He was proud of his Dad's success as an inventor.

Tommy stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Listen, Rusty," he said suddenly "let's take the canoe and go up to the island!"

Rusty's eyes sparkled at the suggestion. "I'd sure like to know that Dad is all right," he said. "But," and his face grew sober, "I've never been to the island."

Tommy scowled. "Afraid?" he taunted.

Rusty ran nervous fingers through his shock of red hair.

"Okay, smart guy! I'll go!" he snapped. "But it will be dark before we get there."

"What of it?" retorted Tommy. "Come on!" and he led the way down the steep hill to the Dalton bathhouse.

Dusk was settling over the river, when they "hove-to" a short distance off Echo Island. They rested on their paddles and studied the eerie isle with critical eyes.

Tall trees stabbed the darkening sky. Weird shadows played in the thicket. A dismal stone mansion stood on a hill, near the center of the island, but no sign of life, not a sound, broke the quiet. The very stillness seemed charged with peril.

Tommy shuddered. "Sure is spooky," he whispered.

Rusty nodded and guided the prow of the canoe toward a small beach. They landed near a large boulder and slumped breathlessly to the ground. Suddenly, the distant thud of heavy footsteps banished the stillness. Rusty's heart leaped and he gripped Tommy's arm tightly.

"Someone's comin'!" he gasped.

"M-m-must be a giant!" stammered Tommy.

Rusty nodded and his eyes searched the night. "LOOK! LOOK, TOMMY!" He pointed to the west shore of the island.

Tommy turned and saw two fiery red lights advancing along the shore. "Who—what is it?" he gasped, his face ashen.

"I—I don't know but it's comin' this way," Rusty fought desperately to conceal the quiver in his voice. "Quick! Down behind this rock!" he ordered, as "The Thing" drew near.

"Boom, boom! Boom, boom!" The never faltering thud was maddening. The very ground quivered beneath each impact, as the monster thundered past.

"Golly! Did you see the size of it?" panted Rusty.

Tommy nodded. "Betcha it was ten feet tall!" he whispered. "And those eyes! Be-rr," he shuddered.

"Just like the lights on a car, only red," replied Rusty. "Well, it's gone!" He sighed with relief. "Let's start for the house!"

"Okay! But stay far away from that thing," replied Tommy gingerly.

Rusty led the way up the embankment. A wide path skirted the shore but he cut off through the underbrush and climbed the hill. A short distance from the house, he came to a sudden halt and his eyes became fixed on the north shore of the island.

"Look! The Thing again!" he gasped. "It—it's making a complete trip around the shore."

"Yeh-h!" faltered Tommy weakly.

Rusty's gaze shifted to the ancient mansion and a blank look spread over his face. "Funny!" he mused aloud. "There's no doors an' no windows. Let's go to the front!"

They crossed the clearing and stood before the weird house. No sign of door or window met their searching eyes. Only a solid barrier of stone.

"Must be a secret entrance in these bushes somewhere, Tommy," said Rusty, in a hushed voice.

"We crossed a path down the hill away. Mebbe it leads—"

"Come on! We'll find out where it leads to," cut in Rusty. He retraced his steps down the hill and they moved along the path in a tense quiet. Suddenly, Rusty halted and a happy smile parted his lips. He pointed to a gaping hole near a clump of brush.

"Gee! A tunnel!" exclaimed Tommy. "D'ya think it leads into the house?"

Rusty nodded. "An' we're goin' in there," he said grimly. "Here! Hold my hand an' be careful," he added, advancing slowly.



"Golly! It's a big tunnel," whispered Tommy. "I—I can't reach the wall."

Rusty groped about in the inky blackness and his outstretched hand came into contact with damp rock. "I've got it!" he murmured. "Come on!"

It was slow work feeling their way along the ghostly passage. Rusty paused often to listen but no sound came to his ears. They turned a bend in the tunnel and he stopped short. Just ahead, a shaft of light stabbed the darkness and the low rumble of deep voices drifted along the passageway. Rusty's heart faltered but he crept forward and peered into a huge, dimly lighted chamber.

Two men were seated at a table and their eyes were fixed upon a silver screen. A panorama of trees, rocks and an occasional view of the river, paraded across the screen constantly. A faint whirring sound filled the chamber and Rusty wondered at it all. He studied the men closely and a chill trickled down his spine. They were both foreigners. Rusty knew that immediately. One was short and swarthy. The other was dark, tall, but his nose was sharp and hawk-like; his eyes small and glittering.

"It's a wonderful invention, Taro," said the short man.

Taro smiled and fingered the row of buttons on a panel before him. "Takeo," he said, "with the iron man and Dalton's radio controlled air-bomb, we shall be masters of the world."

Takeo nodded and pointed to the screen. "The man of iron acts all and tells us at once. Should an enemy cross his path, we press this little button and puff—"

Taro nodded. He turned a dial and watched the screen anxiously. "Ah! The iron one comes home now! See?" he said.

"Yes," said Takeo. "But this inventor! He's a stubborn fool. Shall we—"

"Mr. Dalton will soon part with the secret control of his bomb," snarled Taro.

Rusty stepped back into the shadows and his heart thudded madly in his ears. His father was a prisoner! The thought raced through Rusty's mind repeatedly and brought silent tears to his eyes.

"We gotta get help," whispered Tommy suddenly.

Rusty nodded and wheeled toward the entrance of the cave. They rounded the bend in the tunnel and came to a sudden halt. Two gleaming red eyes were advancing slowly along the passage.

"It—it's 'The Thing!'" gasped Tommy.

Rusty's blood ran cold. He thought of the men in the chamber and his knees suddenly felt weak, useless. "Trapped!" he groaned bitterly. Then his eyes were suddenly defiant. "Back up against the wall, Tommy," he ordered, when the monster was barely a yard away.

"Look, Taro! Boys! In the tun-

nel!" The cry came from the chamber and a sob of despair burst from Rusty's lips. He looked at "The Thing" with wide terror-stricken eyes and his blood curdled.

Bearing down on them relentlessly was a huge man of iron. The giant body filled the tunnel; the huge jaws were wide apart in what seemed to be a fiendish grin. The beam from the glaring eyes probed every nook and crevice of the tunnel.

Rusty wanted to run as fast as his legs would carry him. He wanted to scream out in terror. But instead he stood like one in a trance and watched the monster move forward, always forward.

Suddenly a thin white cloud belched from the monster's enormous chest. Rusty clutched at his throat and his eyes were suddenly afire. He looked at Tommy and, in a whirling mist, saw his chum sway and topple to the floor in a heap. Then darkness settled all about him. Darkness and a wonderful peace.

Continued in the June issue of  
FEATURE COMICS  
—on sale April 18th.





# GALLANT KNIGHT

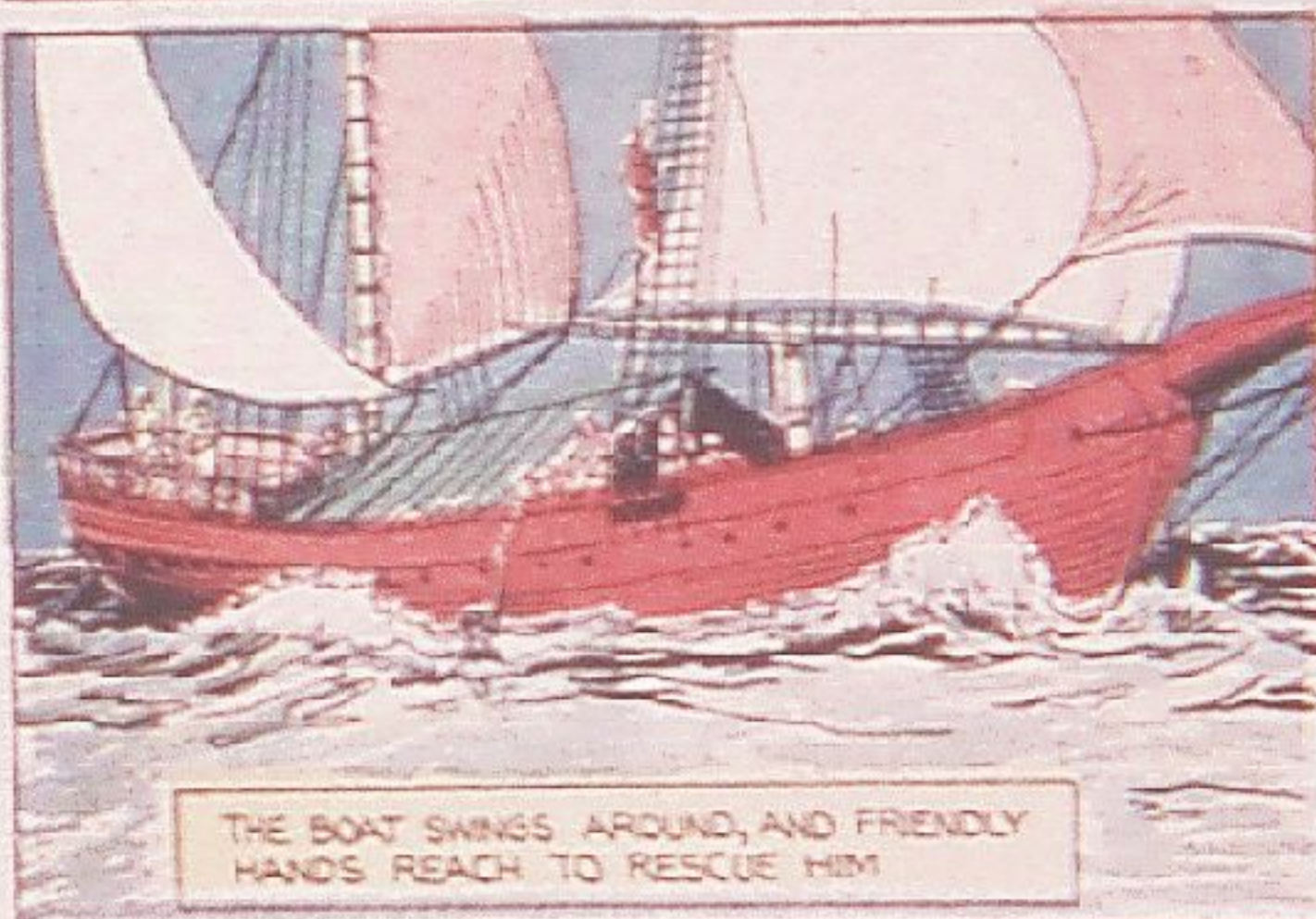


by VERNON HENKEL

SIR NEVILLE, BATTLE-SCARRED, FIGHTING HIS WAY FREE OF THE INFIDEL MOORS, ESCAPES CAPTURE AND CERTAIN DEATH BY SWIMMING SEWARD TOWARD AN APPROACHING SHIP.



SEEST THOU, TEMPLAR, A MAN IN THE SEA—SWIMMING TOWARD US!



THE BOAT SWINGS AROUND, AND FRIENDLY HANDS REACH TO RESCUE HIM

SIR NEVILLE OF ENGLAND—!



HE HAS COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION! BRING DRY CLOTHES AND BANDAGES!

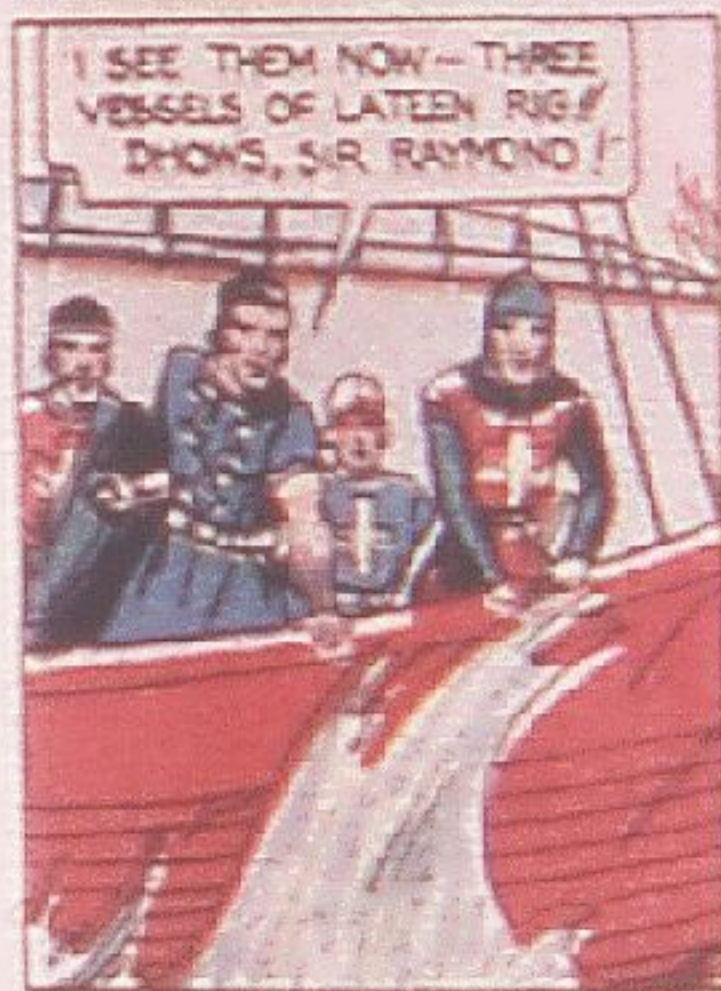
YES, UNCLE, AT ONCE!

WITH WARM GARMENTS AND REST, SIR NEVILLE OPENED HIS EYES TO STARE BEWILDERED INTO THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

YOU MUST REST, SIR KNIGHT. WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS!









A RAIN OF ARROWS FILLED THE AIR, AND NEVILLE'S BOW TOOK ITS TOLL OF THE ENEMY.



BUT THE SPEEDING SHIFTS DID NOT HALT THE SOUTH-ARMORED Foe.



THEY ARE BOARDING US! STRIKE THEM DOWN WITH YOUR SWORDS!



THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS PUT UP A DESPERATE FIGHT AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS.



SIR RAYMOND FALLS UNDER THE HEAVY BLOW OF A SCIMITAR, AND HIS FOLLOWERS SICKENED BY THEIR LOSSES WERE QUICKLY SUBDUED.

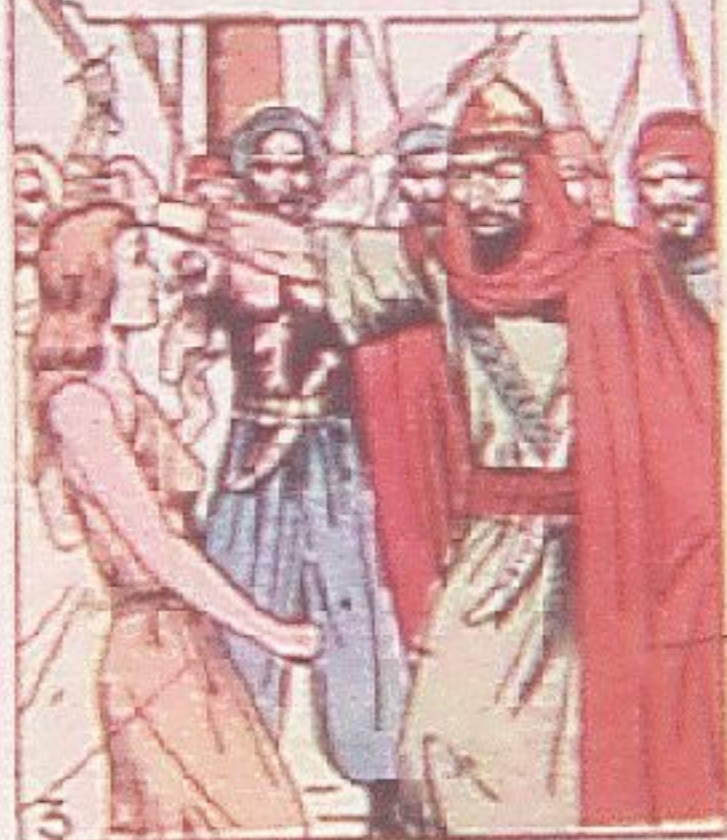


DON'T LET THEM TOUCH ME!



THE FRIGHTENED ALICE RUSHED TO THE SIDE OF SIR NEVILLE

AH! A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN TO DECORATE MY HAREM - ALLAH HAS BEEN KIND TO ME!



LOAD THE PRISONERS ABOARD MY SHIPS - THEY SHALL BRING A FAIR PRICE IN THE SLAVE MARKETS OF ASCHIR.



THUS, THE SMALL BAND OF SURVIVORS ARE TRANSPORTED TO THE DHOWS AND HEADED FOR THE OPEN SEA



HOURS LATER IN THE HOLD—

A STORM MUST  
BE STRIKING!



THE VESSELS SEPARATE UNDER  
A TERRIFIC GALE THAT TOSSES  
THEM ABOUT LIKE DRIFT WOOD.



THE SEAS ARE SWALLOWING  
US UP, O' MASTER—WE  
ARE DOOMED!



THE SHIP IS BREAKING  
APART! EVERYONE  
LOOK TO THYSELF!



A HUGE WAVE SMASHES INTO THE  
HULK AND HURLS THE STRUGGLING  
MEN INTO THE OCEAN.



THE  
MAID  
ALICE!



THROUGHOUT THE LONG NIGHT SIR  
NEVILLE AND THE RESCUED GIRL  
WERE BATTERED BY THE TURBU-  
LENT SEA.



--AND IN THE MORNING

LAND!



WEAKENED ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE  
THE PAIR STRUGGLES SHOREWARD,  
TO DROP ON THE SANDY BEACH



VERNON  
HENDEL

Callant Knight is continued in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DERRY

IF YOU CAN HOLD THE ALUMNI THIS TIME, WE'VE GOT EM, BUD -

THEY HAVEN'T MADE A HIT OR A RUN, HAVE THEY? I'LL MAKE THE FANS WISH THEY HADN'T DUCKED THIS GAME!

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, BUD?

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO OUR AUDIENCE.

LISTEN, FELLA - IF YOU LIKE IT HERE THAT WELL, WE'LL PUT UP SOME CURTAINS AND HANG A FEW PICTURES!

G-FLUB-  
-MUG-! EAT  
WHAT WAS  
THAT??

NOW, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN - I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS THRILL BECAUSE YOU'RE A LOYAL FOLLOWER OF THE TEAM -

I CERTAINLY  
AM - YES  
SIR!

BALL FOUR - TAKE YOUR BASE!

THAT'S  
THREE OF  
US HE'S  
WALKED!

WHY WALK SHOTGUN?  
COACH BRANT IS UP NEXT -  
WE HAVE  
ONLY THREE  
RUNS!

THERE ARE TWO OUT -  
I PROMISED THAT GUY I'D  
FILL THE BASES AND  
THEN STRIKE OUT  
COACH BRANT!

GET A  
TRUCKFUL  
OF THIS,  
VAN WINKLE!

BIGGS LABELED  
FOR THE WALL  
COACH!

Coach Brant swings viciously. There's a sharp crack, then a white streak flashing toward the outfield, rising, rising.

ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR - FOR THE ALUMNI -  
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE  
BALL GAME, GENTLEMEN!

RAH,  
CHELSEA!  
RAH  
CHELSEA!  
CHELSEA-  
CHELSEA!

SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA  
OF YELLING FOR CHELSEA  
WHEN IT'S CARTER  
BROOKER PLAYING  
THE ALUMNI?

HOLY  
SMOKE!  
I'M IN THE  
WRONG BALL  
PARK!!

Next - The big spring football show!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

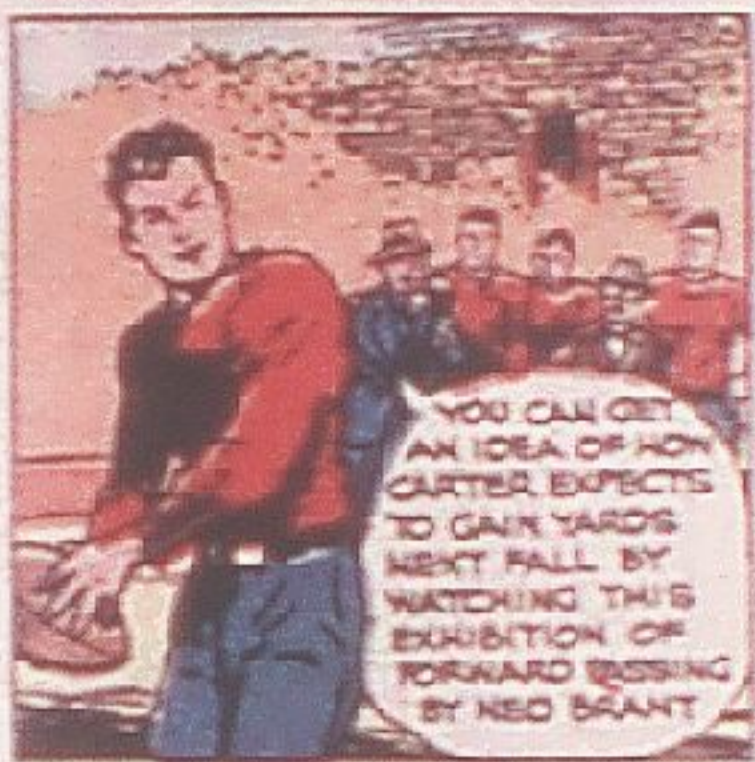
DRAWN BY E. W. DEWEY

HERE IT IS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT PREVIEW OF CARTER'S 1931 HOUSEHOLD MARAUDERS—THE SPRING FOOTBALL SHOW!



LOOK AT 'EM STARE AT ME, NED—I STAND OUT LIKE A BASS DRUM AT A VIOLIN RECITAL!

DID YOU AUTOGRAPH THE WALLET FOR THAT SQUIRREL, BOO?



YOU CAN GET AN IDEA OF HOW CARTER EXPECTS TO GAIN YARDS NEXT FALL BY WATCHING THIS EXHIBITION OF FORWARD DRESSING BY NED BRANT

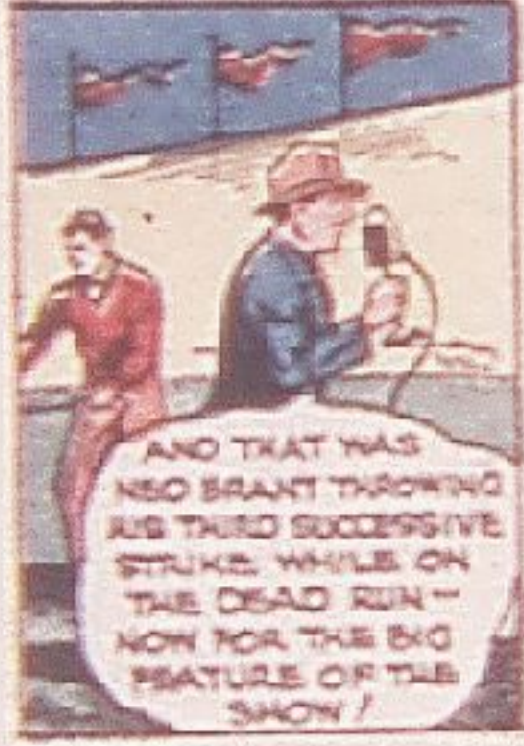


STRIKE TWO!

SAY! I'LL BET WE COULD KNOCK A CRUMB OFF A LAP AT THIRTY YARDS!



DON'T LEAVE, FOLKS—IT GETS BETTER AS IT GOES ALONG—AND I DO MY STUFF LAST!



AND THAT WAS NED BRANT THROWING HIS THIRD SUCCESSIVE STRIKE WHILE ON THE DEAD RUN—NOW FOR THE BIG FEATURE OF THE SHOW!



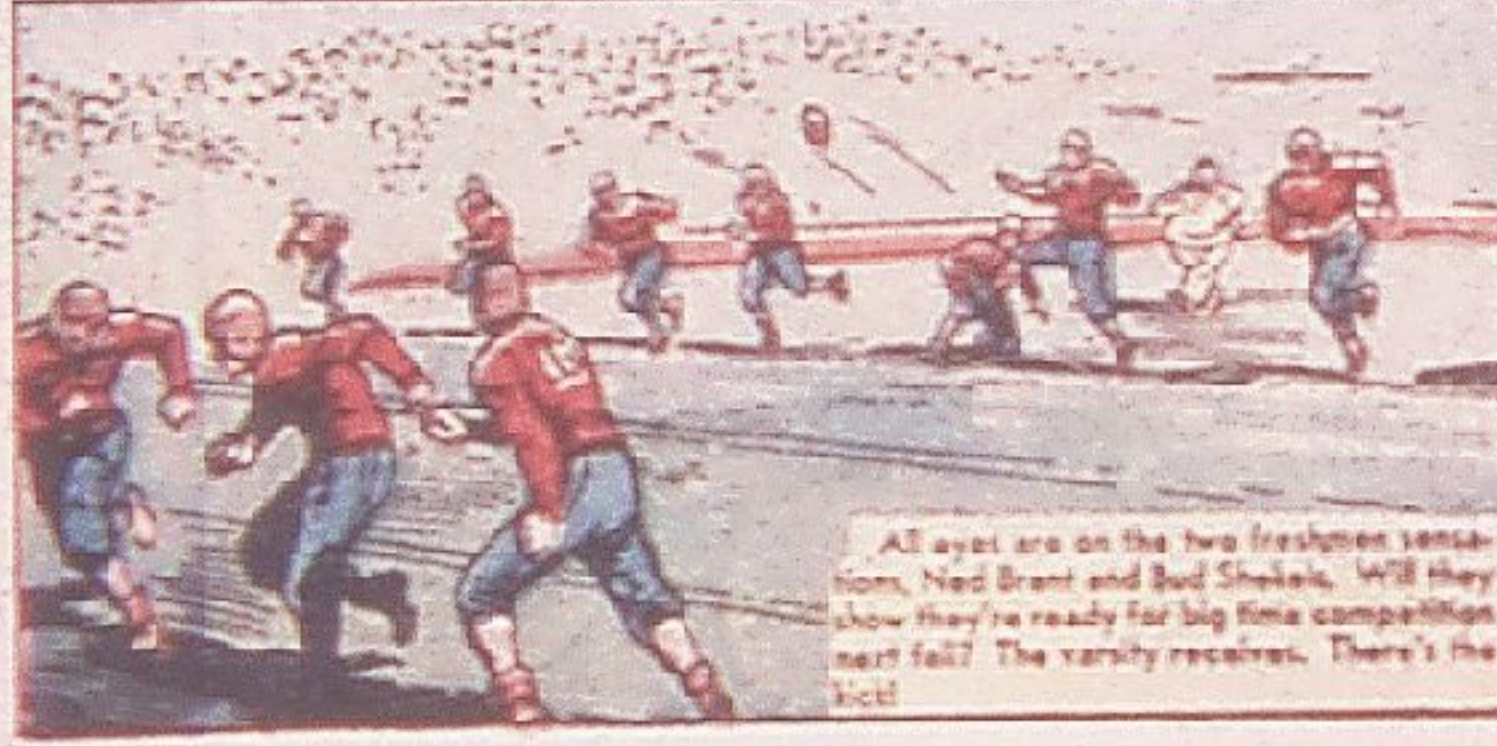
TUCK YOUR CURLS UNDER YOUR HELMET, HORTENSE!

NIGHTY INTERESTING NECK YOU HAVE THERE BLUDGEON—GREAT PLACE TO DIG FOR ARROWHEADS?



COACH, AFTER THIS GAME I'M TURNING OVER TO YOU TWO OF THE GREATEST FRESHMAN PROSPECTS I'VE EVER SEEN—

MOST OF THESE PEOPLE ARE HERE TO SEE IF THE VARSITY CAN STOP NED AND BOO SHOTGUN.



All eyes are on the two freshman sensations, Ned Brant and Bud Sheels. Will they show they're ready for big time competition next fall? The varsity receives. There's the kick!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DUFFY

FOR A LIGHT EXERCISE, JUST TO KEEP THE BLOOD IN CIRCULATION, I'LL KEEP THIS FRESHMAN TEAM FROM SCORING, BOYS!

WHERE THE HECK'S THE INTERFERENCE?

FOURTH DOWN-FOUR YARDS TO GO!

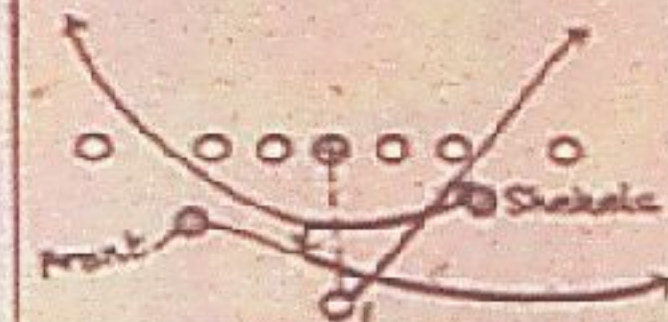
MIGHT AS WELL BE FOUR MILES, I'M THINKING!

DON'T TRY TO THINK, JOO-HEAD - YOU'LL HAVE A SERIOUS BREAKDOWN!



WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE OL' RATTLE-DATTLE - IT STARTS OUT LIKE THE LINE SMASH WE'VE BEEN USING -

AND WINDS UP WITH MY GRABBING A PASS AS THE FANG GO WILD!



No, I receives the ball from center and takes a smash off right tackle. He slips ball to Bud Shelke. Shelke takes a reverse off left tackle and slips the ball to Ned Brant, who swings wide at his right end, passing to Shelke if he's hemmed in by tacklers.



Not a hand touched Brant as the entire varsity team was decoyed away from the play.







Ned Brant is continued in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.



# Richard MANNERS

THE SUPER SLEUTH  
by Fello



IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE MANNERS ESTATE WE FIND MR. MANNERS TELLING DICK ABOUT AN OLD FRIEND, A WELL KNOWN MYSTERY STORY WRITER----

SAY DICK, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT FRIEND OF MINE, MR. GOETZ?

DO YOU MEAN THE FELLOW WHO WRITES THE DETECTIVE STORIES?



YES-- THAT'S HE -- WELL, HE'S DECIDED TO RENT A LITTLE HOUSE UP-STATE TO OBTAIN SOME ATMOSPHERE FOR HIS PRESENT STORY.

SOUNDS LIKE A SENSIBLE IDEA DOESN'T IT, DAD?



THE NEXT DAY ON HIS WAY DOWN TOWN DICK MEETS THE WRITER, GOETZ --

WELL WELL-- IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SIR!

HELLO DICK, HOW'VE YOU BEEN?



AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED -- SAY, I HEAR THAT YOU'VE RENTED A HOUSE TO HELP STIMULATE YOUR CREATIVE POWERS ON YOUR PRESENT STORY--

YES, I SEE THAT YOUR DAD TOLD YOU ABOUT MY LITTLE PLAN--



IT'S A SMALL HOUSE TO WHICH MANY GOSSIPS HAVE ATTACHED FANTASTIC LEGENDS THAT EXCITE THE IMAGINATION--

OF COURSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE THOSE WILD TALES DO YOU?



THE STORIES ARE THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES. MY MAIN WORRY IS THAT I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY COMPLETED STORY AT THE PUBLISHERS AT 8 TOMORROW NIGHT.

I GUESS YOU CAN FINISH IT BEFORE THEN-- I WISH YOU LUCK!



DRIVING FAST THROUGH A RAGING STORM THE DETERMINED MR. GOETZ IS NOW BUT A FEW MILES FROM HIS DESTINATION--



WHEW! I MADE IT JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME--



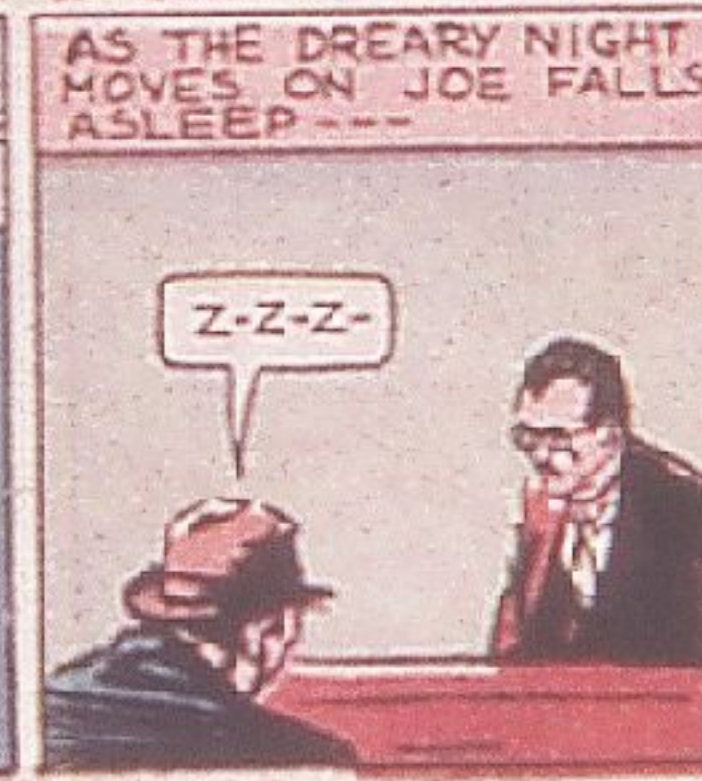
GOSH--THIS IS A CREEPY PLACE!



WELL, GUESS I'LL PUT IN A FEW HOURS ON THE STORY BEFORE I HIT THE HAY!









WITH A NEW RAY OF HOPE  
GOETZ TIP TOES ACROSS  
THE ROOM TOWARDS  
THE SLEEPING GANGSTER



AND LIKE A FLASH HE  
SNATCHES THE GUN  
FROM THE TABLE--



AS THE WRITER GRABS  
THE GUN JOE LEAPS  
UP-- GOETZ EXCITEDLY  
TRIPS OVER A CHAIR--



THE NOISE AROUSES  
THE REST OF THE GANG--



GOETZ HITS JOE, BUT--



HE IS CLIPPED UNAWARES  
BY ANOTHER OF THE MOB--



OKAY, BOYS-- LET'S RESUME  
OUR SLUMBER-- HE'S OUT  
COLD!



NEXT MORNING-- MIRO  
AWAKENS WITH A PLAN--

LISTEN CAESAR-- I WANT  
YOU TO TAKE THIS WRITER  
GUY TO THE VILLAGE AND  
MAKE HIM 'PASS' SOME  
OF THIS STOLEN  
MONEY--



ON THE WAY TO THE  
VILLAGE GOETZ EVOLVES  
A CLEVER SCHEME--



AT A STORE IN THE  
VILLAGE CAESAR SENDS  
GOETZ IN WITH SOME  
MONEY--



AFTER ORDERING A  
FEW ARTICLES GOETZ  
HANDS THE STORE-  
KEEPER A BILL--




WELL-- DID  
YOU HAVE  
ANY  
TROUBLE?

NO! NONE  
AT ALL--





AFTER GOETZ LEAVES THE STORE - THE STOREKEEPER DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS A STOLEN BILL--



WOW! THIS IS A STOLEN BILL - IT'S LISTED HERE! SURE ENOUGH!

H-MM-THIS BILL IS FULL OF HOLES!




MEANWHILE, AT THE HIDE-OUT-MIRO IS REJOICING OVER HIS LUCK IN HAVING SOMEONE TO DISPOSE OF HIS STOLEN BANK MONEY



BOY! ARE YOU GOING TO COME IN HANDY - IT WORKED SWELL THIS TIME - HA-HA!!

DOWN THE ROAD, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE HOUSE, RICHARD MANNERS WITH THE POLICE, MAKE READY TO SURROUND THE PLACE--



SCATTER BOYS - THEY'RE PROBABLY HEAVILY ARMED--

H-HEY YOU GUYS -- L-LOOK!! THE COPS ARE HERE!




THE TRAPPED MIRO TURNS ON GOETZ--



SO! THE COPS EH? SO YA PULLED A FAST ONE-HUH, WISE GUY? WELL, WE'RE GOIN'-AND YOU ARE TOO--

BANG BANG

AFTER FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE THE GANG FINALLY SURRENDERS



OKAY BOYS - COME ON, BE CAREFUL -

WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE YOU HAD, MR. GOETZ - ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?




YES FORTUNATELY DICK - I PLAYED DEAD AND DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB I GUESS! BUT, I'M SURE GLAD HIS AIM WASN'T VERY GOOD!

I GOT YOUR MESSAGE - THANKS TO THAT STORE-KEEPER!



IT WAS A LONG SHOT BUT IT WORKED OKAY!

THEN MANNERS PRODUCES THE BILL AND GOETZ ONCE AGAIN ADMIRES HIS HANDIWORK WHICH BROUGHT DICK'S HELP



HOW DID YOU THINK OF THAT SCHEME, MR. GOETZ?



WHY, I GOT THE IDEA FROM THE STORY THAT I WAS WORKING ON--

AND IT WAS A GOOD THING MIRO WASN'T NOSEY, BECAUSE I LEFT THE PAGE WITH THAT PLOT ON IT IN THE TYPEWRITER - UNDER HIS VERY NOSE!



HMM-NICE GOING!



# BOYS! GIRLS! There's leather where it counts... and style in POLL-PARROT SHOES!

Insist on the shoes famous for wear and known for their modern style. You'll like Poll-Parrots... so will mother and dad.

## HEY KIDS... Get Free Game

Give us your name, age, mother's name, address, where you buy shoes, we'll send a swell game that's loads of fun.



ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND  
1301 WASHINGTON AVE. ST. LOUIS, MO.

## BE AN EXPERT MARKSMAN!

Have FUN

## Get a DAISY AIR RIFLE

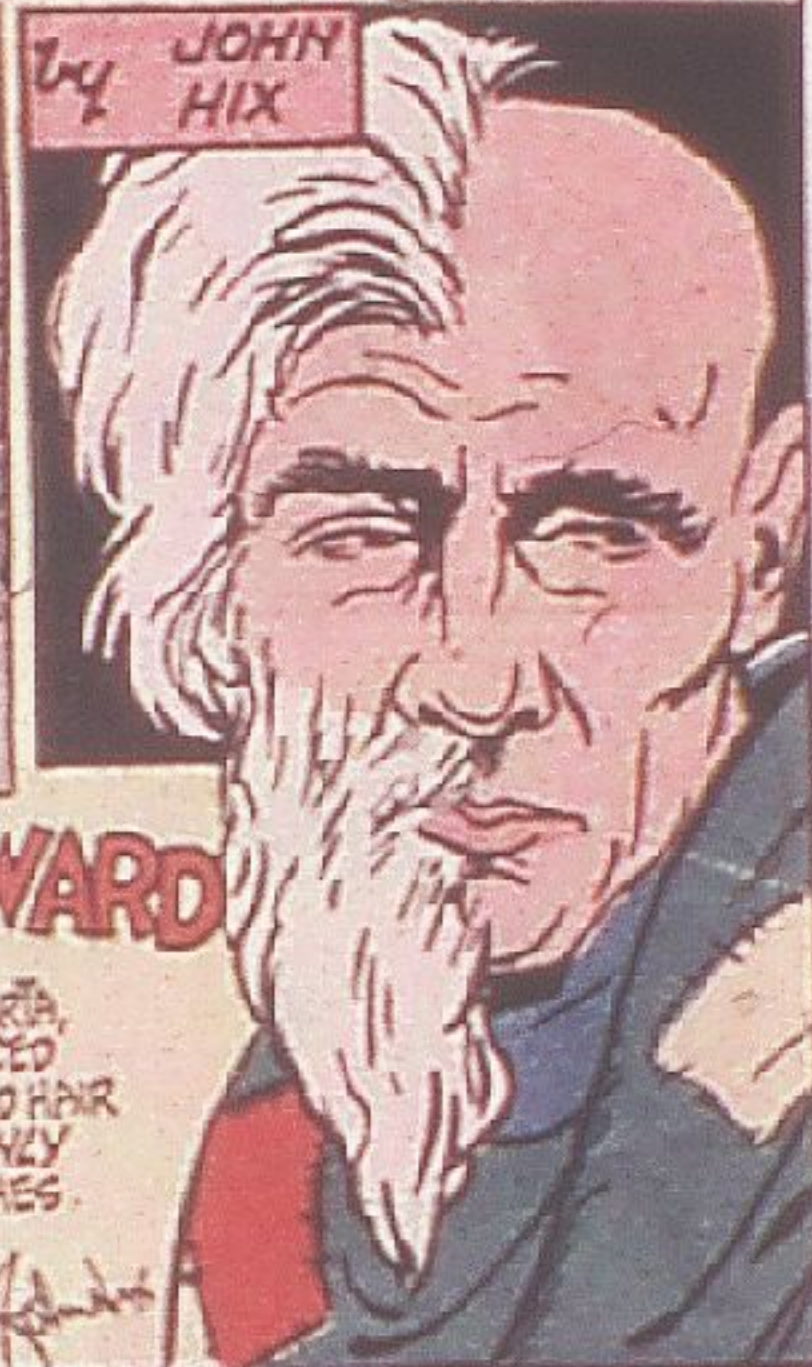
USE BULL'S EYE copper-treated steel shot for accurate shooting. Bulls Eye is the only shot that will hit 100% for Daisies. 225 Shots 5c only. DAISY MFG. CO., 205 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

THE GREAT SERP REBELLION IN INDIA BEGAN BECAUSE RIFLE CARTRIDGES WERE GREASED! RELIGIOUS NATIVES CONSIDERED THEM "UNCLEAN" -1857-



by JOHN HIX



MARK OF A COWARD  
IN ANCIENT SPARTA, COWARDS WERE FORCED TO WEAR THEIR BEARDS AND HAIR SHAVED ON ONE SIDE ONLY AND TO COVER THEIR CLOTHES WITH BRIGHT-COLORED PATCHES!

# YOU TOO CAN MAKE MONEY AT HOME THIS EASY WAY!

JIM WANTED MONEY TO BUY A BICYCLE



HE SENT FOR THIS KIT AND SHINES HIS FAMILY'S SHOES EVERY DAY



NOW HE HAS HIS BIKE AND OTHER THINGS TOO



Home Shine Kit of bristle duster, wool polisher, tin of Shinola Patent Polish, sent for coupon and 25c.

FELLOWS! It's a cinch to earn money at home with the handy Shinola Home Shine Kit! Your family will be glad to pay you for shining their shoes... and Shinola with the Kit makes shoe shining quick and easy. Why not get started right away... earn the money for that bike, or hat, or glove you want! Send in the coupon right now!

## MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Hecker Products Corporation  
Shoe Polish Division, Dept. FF 59  
24 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

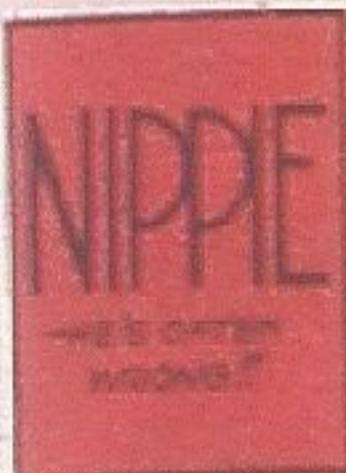
Please send me the SHINOLA HOME SHINE KIT at once. I am enclosing 25c (in currency). The polish in my Kit should be BLACK or BROWN (Check which).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

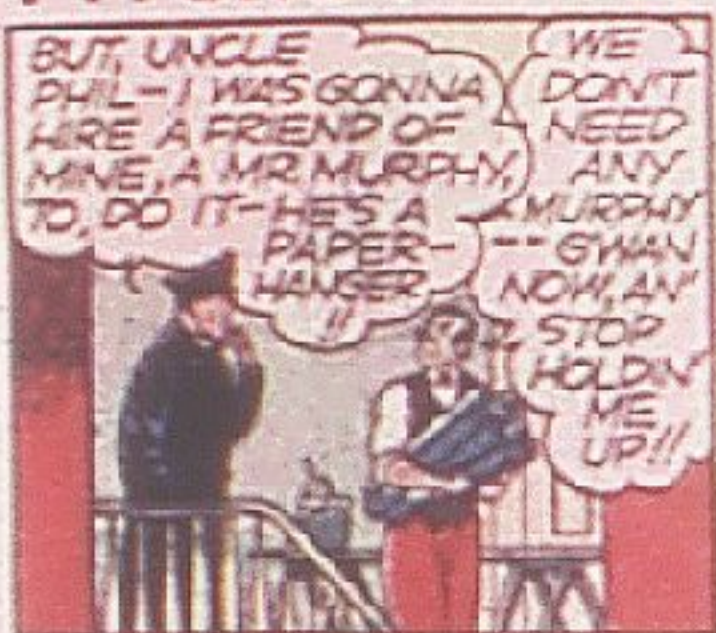
City & State \_\_\_\_\_





# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



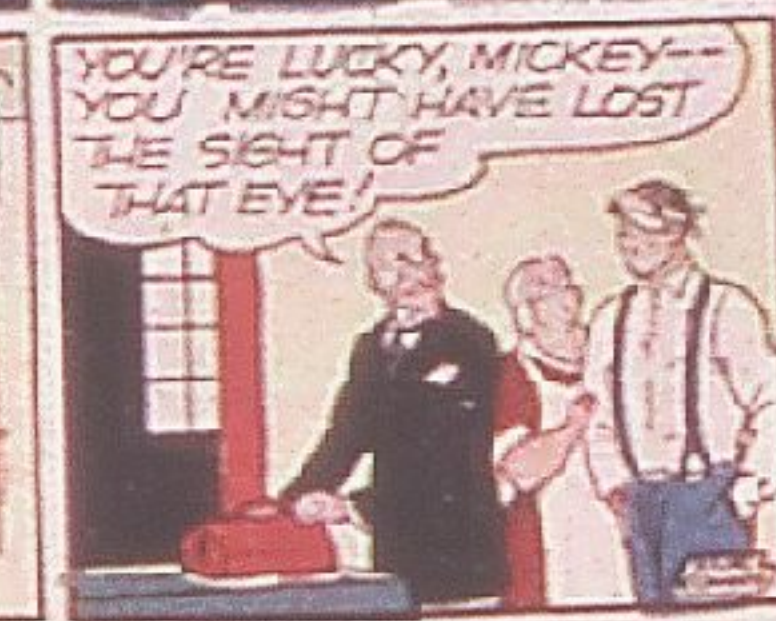
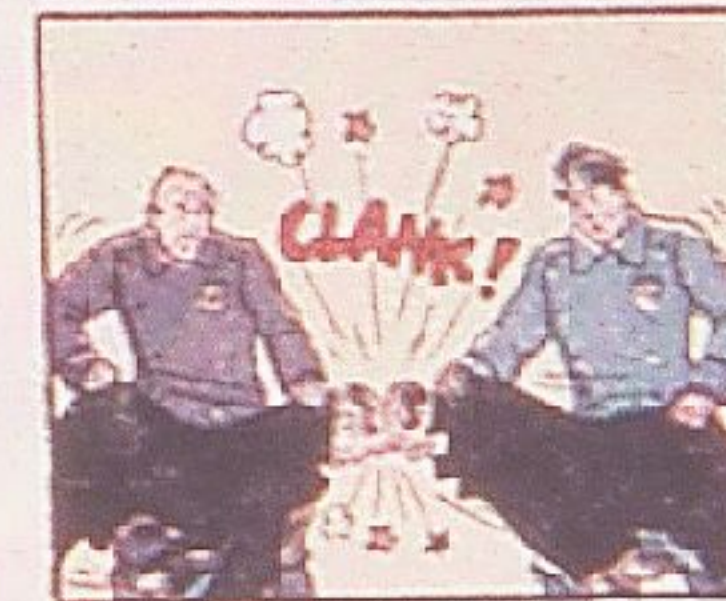
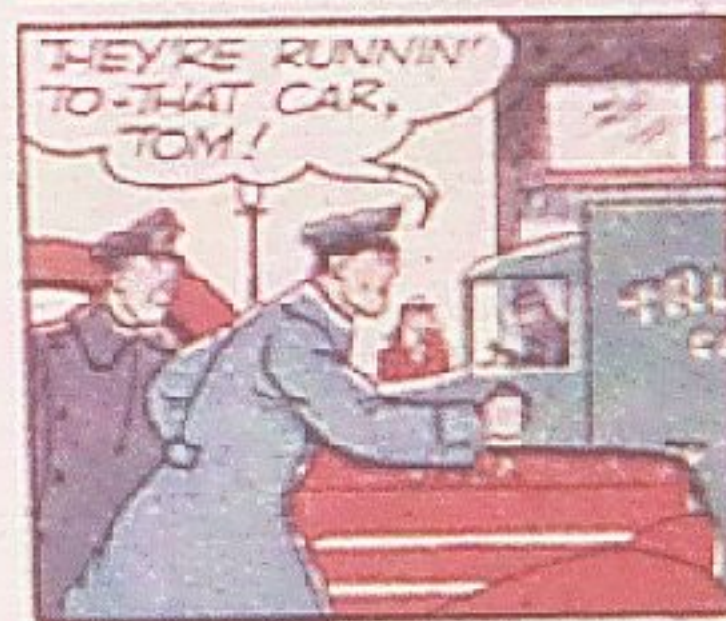


# NIPPIE



## MICKEY FINN

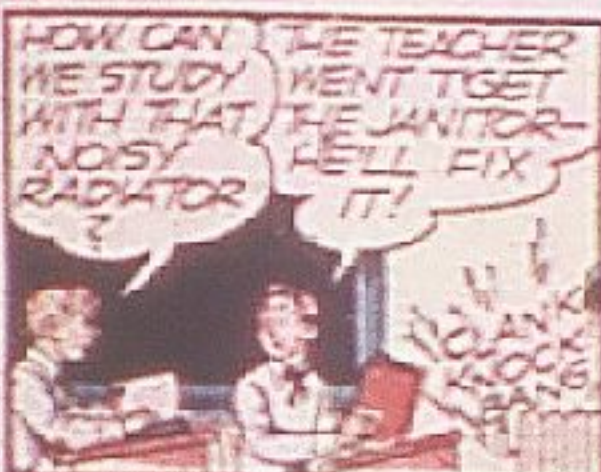
By LANK LEONARD





# NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN  
WRONG!!



HOW CAN THE TEACHER  
WE STUDY WENT TO GET  
WITH THAT THE JANITOR  
NOISY RADIATOR HE'LL FIX  
IT!



SHE DIDN'T HAFTA  
GET ANY JANITOR--ALL  
YA GOTTA DO IS TURN  
THIS VALVE  
AND--



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



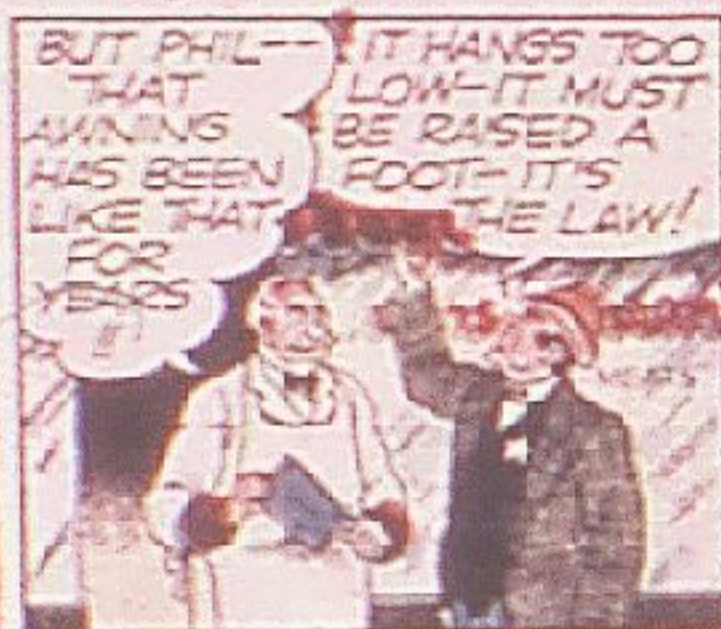
MICKEY--I HEAR  
YOUR UNCLE  
PHIL WAS MADE  
AN HONORARY  
DEPUTY SHERIFF  
!!

YES--HE  
GETS VOTES  
FOR ALDER-  
MAN BILL  
SULLIVAN,  
AN HE  
SAID  
HE'D GET  
HIM A  
BADGE  
TODAY!



WHATS A  
MATTER,  
PHIL?  
NOBODY  
KICK  
BEFORE!

LISTEN, COVINO  
--THE LAW  
DONT ALLOW  
STUFF LIKE THAT  
ON THE SIDE--  
WALK--  
TAKE  
IT IN!



BUT PHIL--  
THAT  
AVINING  
HAS BEEN  
LIKE THAT  
FOR  
YEARS

IT HANGS TOO  
LOW--IT MUST  
BE RAISED A  
FOOT--IT'S  
THE LAW!



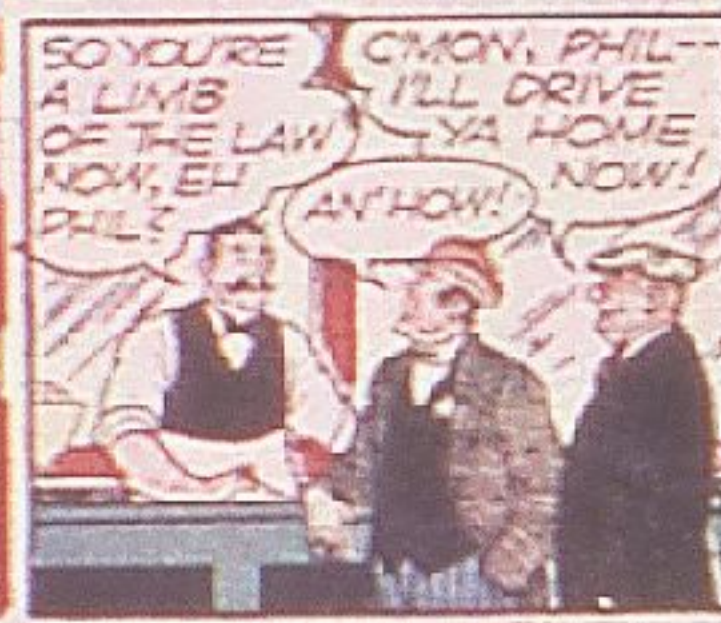
WE ALWAYS  
PARK HERE  
TO UNLOAD

AND I SAY  
YOU'RE TOO  
CLOSE TO  
THAT HYDRANT  
--STOP ARGUIN'  
AN MOVE!



WE NEVER  
BREAK  
ANY  
WINDOWS

YOU CANT  
PLAY BALL  
ON TH' STREET  
--GET GOIN'!



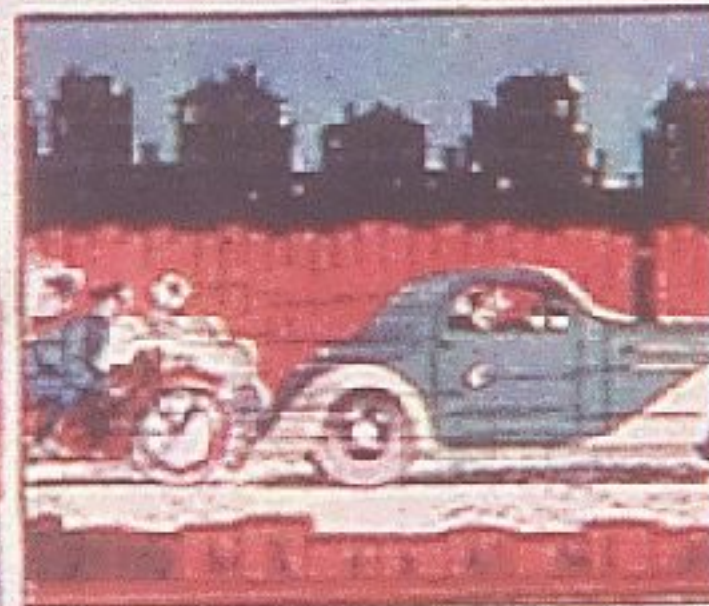
SO YOU'RE  
A LIMB  
OF THE LAW  
NOW, EH  
PHIL?

CMON, PHIL--  
I'LL DRIVE  
YA HOME  
NOW!  
AN' HOW!



YOU WON'T  
GET A TICKET  
WHEN I'M  
WITH YA--  
STEP ON  
IT!

OKAY--BUT  
I JUST NOW  
REMEMBERED  
THAT I LEFT  
MY LICENSE  
AT HOME TODAY!



WHAT IF WE  
ERE DOIN'  
SIXTY--YA  
SEE THIS,  
DONTCHA?

THAT HUNK  
OF TIN DONT  
MEAN NOTHIN'  
MISTER--  
FOLLOW ME!



I INSIST THAT  
I BE ALLOWED  
TO CALL UP  
ALDERMAN  
SULLIVAN!!

I'LL  
CALL  
HIM  
UP!



--AND IN MY  
OPINION, MR.  
ALDERMAN, I  
JUDGE--SEND  
HE IS NOT  
FIT TO BE  
A DEPUTY!

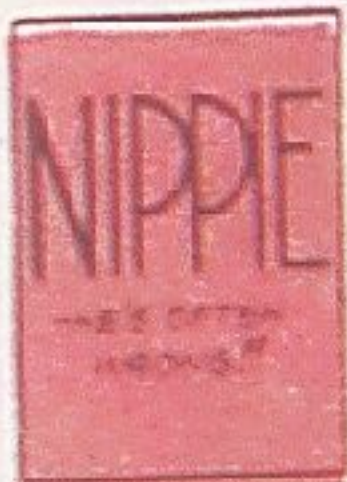
THAT OUT TOO  
HIM  
TO  
ME



HELLO, UNCLE  
PHIL-- LET'S  
SEE YOUR  
BADGE

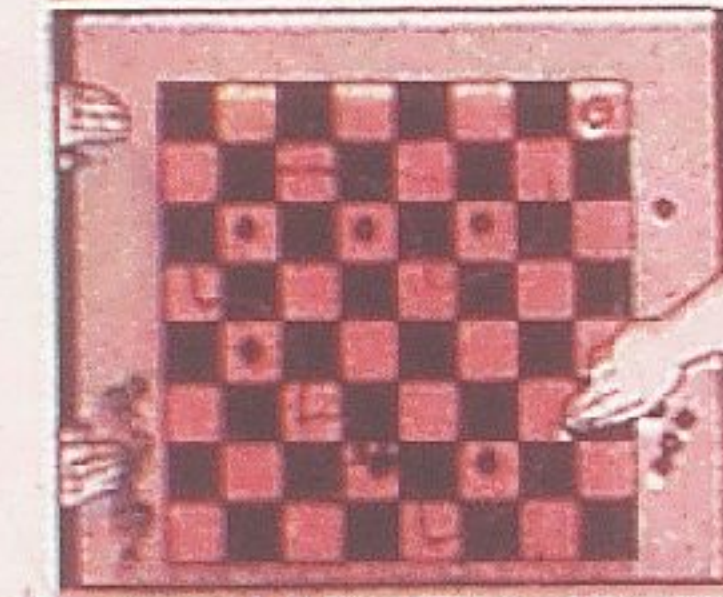
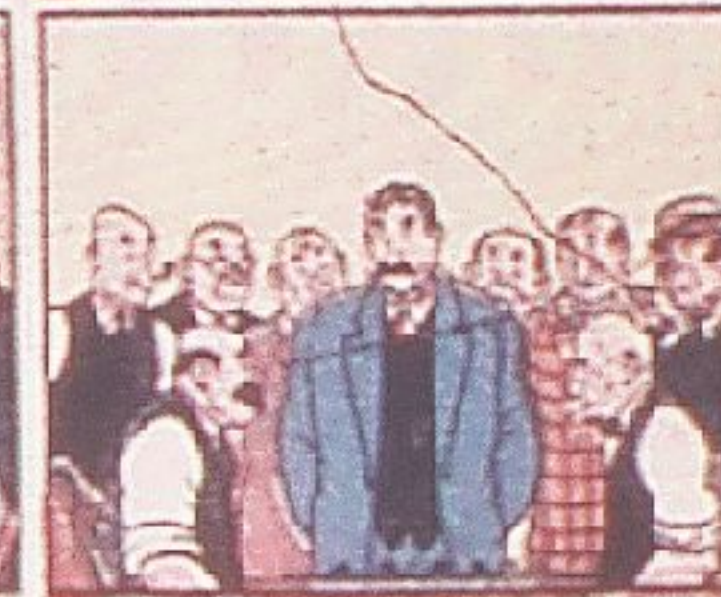
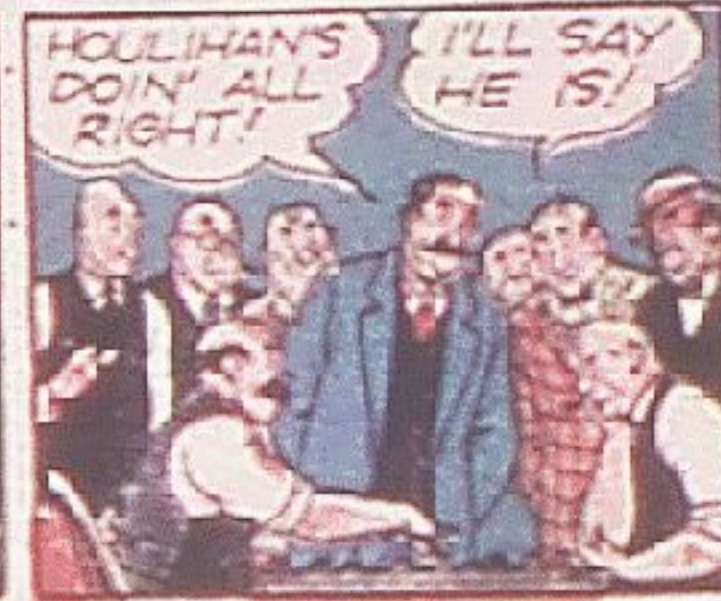
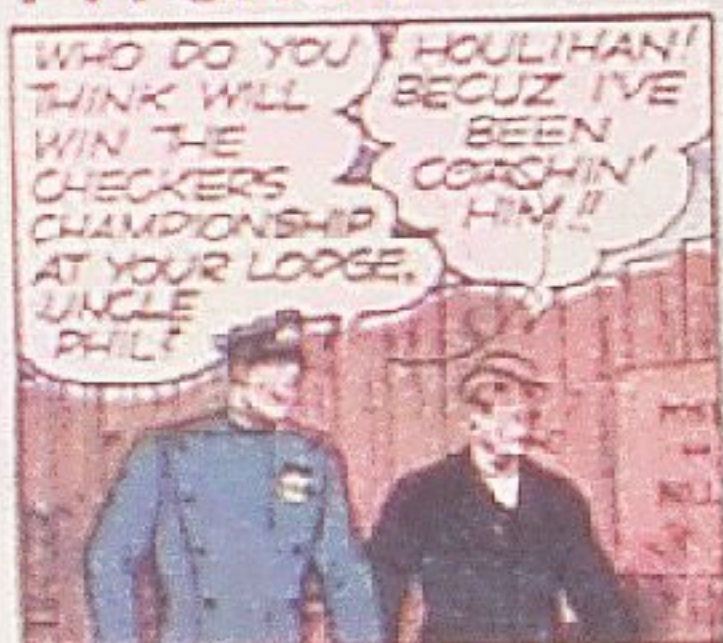
SHUT  
UP!





# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 28th.



# DAN AND THE GANG GO TO BAT WITH GRIPS

FEATURING THE GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB - BY BEACON FALLS RUBBER FOOTWEAR



BOYS! DO YOU KNOW HOW TO ORGANIZE AN ATHLETIC CLUB? PITCH AN INSHOOT--SHOOT A PUCK? PUT OVER A LEFT HANDED DROP A LOB? BLOCK OUT A TACKLER? COACH TELLS YOU ALL THESE THINGS AND A THOUSAND OTHERS IN "FLASH" OFFICIAL GRIPS MAGAZINE! JOIN NOW! GET YOUR CLUB PIN! FLASH! BE A MEMBER.



SIZZLING SPEED. SPLIT-SECOND STOPS. COOL AS A BREEZE--that's what more than 75,000 G. A. C. members say about genuine Grips athletic shoes.

TRAINER Model designed by The HEAD COACH

JOIN THE GRIPS A.C. MAIL NOW--IN ENVELOPE OR PASTE ON PEEL-N-Y POST CARD

HEAD COACH, GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB, Dept. A, Beacon Falls, Conn. (This request doesn't cost me a cent!)

Dear Coach:

Show me complete information on how to join the Grips Athletic Club and become a Junior Champ

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

Give name of store where you buy your shoes.....

STATE.....

AGE.....

If you want extra speedy action, ask about Grips Athletic Club at the dealer who sells genuine Grips canvas shoes in your neighborhood.





DAD SAYS—  
A COLUMBIA-BUILT  
BIKE IS THE  
BEST BUY OF ALL.

...BECAUSE  
YOU GET MORE  
OF EVERYTHING  
THAT COUNTS!



You bet dad's right about getting more of everything that counts when you buy a Columbia-Built bicycle. Back of every one is more than 60 years' experience. Of learning how to build better bicycles—and developing better materials. But that isn't all by a long shot. The makers of the famous Columbia know how to give a bicycle the kind of good looks, snappy color combinations and special features that make folks say, "There goes a bike that's got everything!"

## HERE'S BIG NEWS!

A REAL LIGHTWEIGHT ANY BOY  
CAN AFFORD!



You've never even seen a bike like the new Columbia-Built *streamlined* Lightweights! Pounds lighter than ordinary models—stripped for action and so easy riding you'll take the longest hike in your stride!



MAKE SURE  
OF THE THRILL  
NO OTHER BIKES  
CAN GIVE!



Only Columbia Bicycles carry this grand old name-plate. Only Columbia-Built Bikes carry this exclusive seal on the front mudguard. Either one gives you the extra thrill of owning a bike everybody knows is tops... a bike built by the Makers of the Famous Columbia—America's finest bicycles for over 60 years.

See the 1939 Columbia and Columbia-Built models at your dealers today. See for yourself all the swell new features—including wider and stronger mudguards—and improved running gear to give you the smoothest, easiest ride you ever had. Write today for Free, Illustrated Booklet, "How to Care for Your Bicycle."

The Westfield Manufacturing Company, Dept. 11,  
Westfield, Massachusetts.